

BRITANNIA

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"Now about D.O.R.A.! Not twenty candidates at the General Election will pledge themselves to repeal D.O.R.A., so what is the good of making my life a burden and throwing brickbats at me?"

(Sir William Joynson-Hicks at the Oxford Luncheon Club.)

ONCE upon a time people had to do exactly as they were told because of an Act passed in defence of the land in a time of war. They blessed and obeyed it, calling it affectionately, D.O.R.A. For it was just that some of the people should eat less and wise that they should be controlled rather than conquered. They lived monastic lives, sacrificing comfort and freedom.

Then the war ended, and the people, unable to contain themselves, held a glorious celebration on a certain day, eating and drinking far too much. The rulers, however, having grown to like complete control of the people, ordained that the Realm still stood in need of defence. D.O.R.A. had become an institution

—like the House of Commons and the police.

The people were given more food, of course, but "medical comforts" could only be obtained during short hours at long prices. The people, remembering their old habits, grew discontented, declaring that they would no longer be treated as children. The rulers, remembering that at elections they were dependent upon the people, decided that the Realm need no longer be defended, consigned D.O.R.A. to history, and the people imagined they were free.

But the rulers, fearing to lose power over the people, made their authority local, and passed what is really the Defence of the Shops Act (though it does not bear this

name) for the protection of the public in peace, and for the shorter hours, better health and higher education of the shopkeepers.

Then, many men who wrote words and drew pictures told the people that a certain ruler called "Jix" was their greatest persecutor; that he was a man who said that people should have no pleasures, and as few liberties as possible.

But although they took his real name and made a joke of it, and threatened to destroy him, he remained in authority over them.

But every few years the patient people are allowed to sit in judgment on their rulers, and it is prophesied that in the summer of this year there may be a total eclipse of "Jix."

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The Courage of LORD HALDANE

By the Right
Hon. the *EARL OF BIRKENHEAD*, G.C.S.I.

"Lord Haldane was a sturdy patriot surrounded by mealy-mouthed traitors . . ."

"The greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had . . ."

"Suffered in silence the attacks of political half-wits . . ."

IT is rare indeed that the appearance of a single volume produces so great a revulsion of popular feeling as has greeted the posthumous autobiography of the late Lord Haldane. Certainly those of us who knew him and worked with him, as a politician and a lawyer, in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, understood the merit of the man. But the general public could not know the overwhelming case which, had he wished and been permitted to do, he could have presented in reply to calumny.

To Haldane more than any other individual man does this country owe the fact that, at the outbreak of the war, she was able instantly to dispatch a magnificently trained and well-equipped expeditionary force to the Continent; and, not less important, to tap, through the Territorial and other organisations, vast resources of additional manpower. Yet it was precisely Haldane who received the least credit for this great work.

REGARDED WITH SUSPICION.

HE was always exposed to the denunciations of fools. Among his own Liberal Party the silly, pacifist majority regarded him with the utmost suspicion; on the other hand, the immeasurable prejudice and stupidity of the Tory Die-hards was directed against him.

In his book,* completed only a few weeks before his death last year, he touches on his difficulties with his own Party when he became Minister for War in 1905:

* *Richard Burdon Haldane: An Autobiography.* (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had made him Financial Member at the War Office in order, I think, to make sure that I should not run wild. The argument used by some of the average Liberals if I wished to get the support of the party in the House of Commons was, "Do not attempt great improvements. The attempt will fail. But concentrate yourself on reducing the estimates."

And again, when he introduced the invaluable Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill:

At first a large number of the Liberal rank and file were suspicious. But when I showed that I had actually brought down the Army Estimates from over thirty millions to within twenty-eight (including the whole cost of the new reorganisation), the Bill was allowed to pass. This was in 1907. There was, of course, fighting, but it was touched in no point that was material.

This internecine fighting is the only kind the Liberals understand.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's contempt for the War Office is evidenced by his comment when he appointed Haldane to it: "We shall see now how Schopenhauer gets on in the kail-yard."

In short, the Liberal Party, which ruled the destinies of this country up to the beginning of the War, demonstrated the utter incapacity of the bulk of its members for the responsibilities of government; and Haldane had to build up his organisation, and his armies, behind a screen of smug official Liberalism. He was, in fact, a sturdy patriot surrounded by mealy-mouthed traitors.

ATTACKED BY TORY DIE-HARDS.

HE was, perhaps, unwilling to realise that Germany would take the plunge into war, even though he always prepared against this danger. At the outbreak of the War, however, as when the Liberals split over the Boer War, Haldane never wavered. Of his colleagues, "Morley and Burns were altogether opposed to our entering the War," he reminds us, while "Lloyd George, Harcourt, Simcn, and Beauchamp at first professed to be irreconcilable." What a Party to be in power at such a moment! What a Party to be in office when such a war was to be guarded against!

No sooner were these first difficulties overcome than Haldane found himself attacked by a fresh set of political half-wits, the Tory Die-hards. These extremists made it a condition of Conservative entrance into the first Coalition that Haldane should be omitted. The *Morning Post* abused him in and out of season. "We think it monstrous," declared this organ, shortly afterwards,

that, while Lord Haldane is conscious—for he must be conscious—of the way the nation regards him, he should go about lecturing upon education or any other subject. If he knew the feelings of his suffering countrymen, if his front were not of brass, he would not desire to speak nor to see, nor to be seen of men. He would relapse into silence and seclusion until such time as it was thought safe for the world to hear his defence. When that time comes his place will be not to lecture but to plead. In the meantime his appearance in public is a public outrage.

And again

No one, for instance, will now believe that, as Mr. Runciman has the hardihood to affirm, to Lord Haldane is due one particle of the credit of the creation of the New Army.

THE GREATEST SECRETARY FOR WAR.

AND yet the very generals whom the *Morning Post* regarded as the highest intellectual paragons of the age knew better than their self-appointed and brazen mouth-piece. Haldane tells us in this book how, on the evening of the day our victorious troops marched through London, he sat alone in his book-lined study at Queen Anne's Gate, with its great windows overlooking St. James's Park and the Ministries:

My servant came upstairs to me and said that there was an officer who wanted to see me, but who would not give his name. My servant was careful in these days, for strange people had tried to get into the house to have sight of me, and he had been warned from Scotland Yard to be cautious about letting unknown people enter. However, I told him to show to my room the officer, whoever he was, who had called. The door was opened, and who should enter but a friend who was indeed intimately known to



Richard Burdon Haldane at the age of forty.

me, Field-Marshal Douglas Haig, come from a triumphant ride with his Sovereign along the Mall. "I am not going to remain," he exclaimed; "my purpose is to leave with you a book in which I have written something." With that he insisted on going away. The book was a volume containing his Despatches, and on the page at the beginning he had written these affectionate words:

"To Viscount Haldane of Cloan—the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had. In grateful remembrance of his successful efforts in organising the Military Forces for a War on the Continent, notwithstanding much opposition from the Army Council and the half-hearted support of his Parliamentary friends.—"HAIG, F.M."



László's sketch of Lord Haldane, made in the summer of last year.

HIGH PRAISE FROM EARL HAIG.

HALDANE'S sister appends in a footnote a letter which she discovered among her brother's papers after his death. It was written by Lord Haig from his headquarters in France a week after the Armistice, and runs as follows:

My dear Lord Haldane,—There has been so much going on here that I have not been able to attend to my private correspondence. I therefore hope that you will forgive me for not writing to thank you sooner for your most kind letter.

I appreciate very much indeed your kindly remembrance of my work with you at the War Office. For me that time will always stand out in my memory most prominently because the organisation of our Army for war dates from then. Until you arrived at the War Office no one knew for what purpose our Army existed! And I feel sure that all the soldiers who in those strenuous years were working at the War Office will bear witness to the all-important service which you then rendered to the British Army in the Empire. You then sowed the seeds which have developed into the tremendous instrument which has vanquished the famous German Army and brought about a victorious peace. And where would we be to-day without the Imperial General Staff which was your creation and the Field Service Regulations (Part II. Organisation) which you forced through in spite of opposition from Army Council and Treasury?

I and many soldiers with me are greatly distressed at the ungenerous treatment which you have received during the critical phase in our country's history; and I hope the day is not far distant when the invaluable services which you have rendered to our Empire may be adequately recognised.

With heartfelt admiration for the way in which you have done your duty and ignored all the spiteful criticisms of the Press which has attacked you, and again many thanks for your very welcome congratulations on what the British Army has done.—Believe me, Yours very truly,
D. HAIG.

We may leave the *Morning Post* to reply to the late Field-Marshal.

"A TOO INTERNATIONAL MIND."

HALDANE knew himself better than most people, even his intimates, knew

him. His Scottish reserve; a tiresome prolixity in exposition; a somewhat over-emphasized admiration for the less lucid German philosophers masked a robust good-nature. He was a successful advocate; and a learned, courteous and able judge. He confesses in this book that he probably possessed a too "international mind," making for sympathy and tolerance with foreigners, than was good in one who, as a member of the War Cabinet, had to gain and retain the enthusiastic confidence of the British public. "I had gone to Germany too often, and had read her literature too much, not to give ground to narrow-minded people to say that Germany was my 'spiritual home.'"

But King Edward found him ever a congenial companion, and was probably responsible in some degree for his appointment to the War Office.

HIS KINDNESS TO OSCAR WILDE.

WE read, too, how Haldane, in his earliest days at the Bar, was invited to dinner by an influential solicitor. A bottle of Château-Lafitte 1858 was opened, which neither the host nor any of the other guests were allowed by their doctors' orders to drink. Haldane slowly drank the whole bottle, "paying a well deserved tribute to the merits of each glass," greatly to the delight of his host, who, shrewdly recognising in him gifts of taste, tact and presence of mind, began to send him valuable briefs.

When Oscar Wilde was sent to gaol, Haldane was one of the committee appointed by the Home Office to investigate the organisation of our prisons. He sought out Wilde at Holloway and secured for him books and the permission to write, thus making possible the appearance of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

The first time Haldane, as Secretary for War, met the Generals on the Army Council, they inquired from him some general idea of the reforms which he intended to introduce.

My reply was that I was as a young and blushing virgin just united to a bronzed warrior, and that it was not expected by the public that any result of the union should appear until at least nine months had passed. This was reported by the Generals to the King, who accompanied with mirth his full approval of the answer.

A NON-PARTY MAN.

HE became a member of the first Labour Ministry in this country. I imagine that the contempt he must have felt for the Liberal rank and file between 1906 and 1914, and for the subsequent

Liberal splits and vendettas, absolved him in his own mind from any further loyalty to his old Party.

At the same time, conservatively minded as he was, he knew that his implacable enemies among the Tory Die-hards would permit no alliance between him and the more intelligent members of that Party. Absence from politics irked him. He saw a chance to guide the inexperienced men who were about to take office, and at the same time to assist the fulfilment of various educational reforms in which he was interested. He was, so to speak, a non-Party man in a Party ministry.

He discloses in his book his dissatisfaction with the Labour Government's handling of the two incidents which brought about its fall, the Campbell prosecution and the Russian Treaty, and, while he speaks highly of Mr. MacDonald's tact and breadth of view, he does not hide a certain dissatisfaction with him and other leaders of the Socialist Party.

MR. MACDONALD'S WEEK-ENDS.

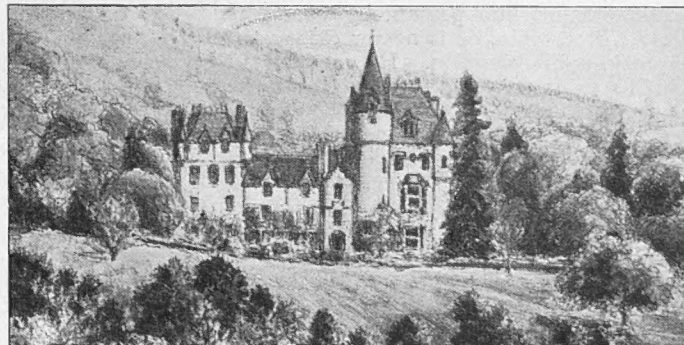
WHEN this impatience, however, extended to Mr. MacDonald's fondness for spending the week-end at Chequers, Haldane was unjust. He wrote with unusual bitterness that

Prime Ministers who have sprung from the middle classes, and are attracted by the pleasures of a country-house life to which they are not accustomed, are apt to be unduly drawn there . . . The consequences were at times mischievous.

I realise that the reason why he thought this was because to him a week-end at Chequers would have meant nothing but an unwelcome withdrawal from his favourite routine. Haldane's pleasure was congenial conversation over a good dinner, followed by an excellent cigar and a discussion of educational themes or a solitary browse upon philosophy. He could not understand that, for a man of Mr. MacDonald's temperament, a week-end at Chequers provides an ideal opportunity for the uninterrupted deliberation of difficult problems. Haldane's objections to Chequers were a queer survival of his Puritan boyhood: he distrusted what he himself could not enjoy.

Otherwise his criticisms of his Socialist colleagues were well-founded.

Haldane never was a Socialist. The most he could say was that he sympathised with the "broad purpose" of the Labour Party, though I do not think he ever clearly defined what that broad purpose was. And I am quite sure that he never understood it. Who could? But without any personal ambition he realised that the first Labour Government must possess a Lord Chancellor who understood the traditions of the office. Will the second?



Cloan, Lord Haldane's beautiful home in Scotland.
(Photographs reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers of the book.)

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

IT was just like Lord Inchcape to leave the warmth of Egypt and hurry home to the Clyde this week for the trial trip of the P. and O.'s new boat the *Viceroy of India*. Henceforward, and as long as he is chairman, she will neither leave nor arrive without a greeting from him and repeated inspections. That is how he keeps up the personal touch in business. Not a vessel of his lines sails from Tilbury without a message of good wishes to the Captain in his own handwriting. Not a vessel reaches Tilbury without the Captain being at once received by Lord Inchcape in his private room in Leadenhall Street.

There every incident of the outward and homeward voyage is discussed with the utmost frankness and freedom.

The officers feel that they have in him a hearty personal friend as well as a chief who will never let them down. A word from him and more men are set a-shipping and more wheels revolving in more parts of the world than respond, I shall say, to the summons of any other "magnate."

Our Greatest Man of Commerce.

I WAS describing Lord Melchett last week as our greatest industrialist. Lord Inchcape is our greatest man of commerce. Very few people know the range of his interests any more than they know the magnitude of the reserves which the P. and O. has accumulated under his supremely canny direction. Primarily he is connected in the popular mind with shipping and with India. But he has also a heavy stake in coal, in jute, in railways, in cotton, in banks, in merchandise, in Africa, China, the Malay States and most other countries for which India is the trading centre.

If he were an American his name would be on the front page of the principal newspapers almost every day. Here he is merely *primus inter pares* and very little known to the general public except by reputation as a great figure.

What keeps him perennially young and active, even when he is nearer eighty than seventy, is his keenness. He goes down to the City every day with the same zest he had sixty years ago. Except when he finds his young men bothered by some business problem that he himself has solved half a dozen times over in the past half century, he never feels old. His desk is always clear; he can still hold his own in a day's shooting at Glenapp; his humour, his judgment of men and situations, show no sign of age; he is a standing proof of the truism that to be always busy is to be always young and fit.

Worse Weather Elsewhere.

IT always astonishes me that we, who are a travelled people and at home everywhere,

should make such a fuss over the little variations of temperature that occur from time to time in these temperate isles. "The great frost." "The great thaw." "Britain in an Arctic grip." "Britain swooning in a Heat Wave"—those are the sort of headlines that greet one. And those of us (not a small number) who know what cold and snow really are and what heat (moist heat especially) can be like, simply laugh at these extravagances.

When the cold freezes your breath or the heat at 6 a.m. unshackles all your joints and

makes the walls sweat, then you may be privileged to talk. We have a flurry of snow in London and magnify it at once into a blizzard! But picture New York as it has been during the past week—the snow piled five foot high on the sidewalks, the gutters like a Highland stream in spate, all surface transportation crippled, and 5,000 men hard at work and yet making no visible impression.

If anything like that were to happen in London we should talk of it for a century.

Belief in Airships.

THERE is a certain expectant scepticism in the public attitude towards the giant airships that are now in their last stages of completion. People in general

do not believe in, even while they indulge, the dreams of a much cheapened universal and Imperial system of communications which the builders of the new airships encourage by their propaganda.

Personally my best reason, as a hopelessly non-technical layman, for believing in airships is that Commander Dennis Burney,

Carlton House Terrace for nothing—you knock two houses into one, live on the first two or three floors yourself, and let out the upper storeys in flats at good round rentals. His faith in the R100, for the designing and building of which he is responsible, was impressive from the start. It is now a consuming confidence.

From what Captain Fellowes was saying the other day at the United Service Institution, I gather that before very long some five or six hundred men will be dragging from its shed an airship as big as the

Mauretania and launching it on its first flight. That will be a happy day for Commander Burney and by no means an unexciting one for the nation.

Lord Haldane's Army.

I DO not find in Lord Haldane's autobiography nearly so full an account as I once heard from his own lips of his first meeting with the Army Council. When he stepped in to the War Office Haldane numbered very few soldiers among his friends, and the heads of the Army, for their part, were not inclined to give much of a welcome to an ex-Chancery lawyer. But at their first full meeting Haldane—bland, twinkling, and self-possessed—completely won their hearts.

He asked for their indulgence while he retired into himself for the best part of a year and tried to answer such elementary questions as, What is the Army for? When he had solved this fundamental conundrum he hoped to evolve—so he informed the slightly mystified Field-Marshal and Generals before him—a Hegelian army, an army founded on reality. Which, he did.

Nestor of American Statesmen.

THE mention of Lord Haldane reminds me that Mr. Elihu Root, now in his eighty-second, third or fourth year, has landed in Genoa this week to attend one of those international legal conferences in which he is a great believer.

The faith of lawyers in the power of law to transform humanity is one of the most touching traits in the legal character. Lord Haldane, *bon viveur* and nudene though he was on one side of him, had his share of it. But what tied him especially to Root was the fact that the American lawyer had been Secretary of State for War under President Roosevelt and, as such, had not merely reformed the American Army, but had reconstituted it from top to bottom.

"If I can only do as well as Root," I recall his saying to me, "I shall be well content." He did even better, but it is odd and rather poignant to think of him as dead and of Root, the cool appraising Nestor of American statesmen, as still searching for the legalistic formula that is to redeem mankind.



Lord Southwark, whose death at the age of 87 is announced. As the Rt. Hon. Richard Knight Causton he was well known as a Liberal whip from 1892-1905, when he became Paymaster-General. He leaves no heir and the baronetcy lapses.



André Messager, well known as the composer of the popular musical comedy "Véronique," which enjoyed a long run in London early in the century, and director of the Grand Opera, Paris, died last Sunday at the age of 75.



Two new K.C.'s. Viscount Erleigh, son and heir of Lord Reading, and . . .



Mr. L. L. Cohen, whose appointments have been approved by The King.

M.P., believes in them. He is a man who has the knack of making his inventive imaginings come true. He devised the paravane and received from the Government an award—and a richly deserved one—that ran into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

He has discovered, too, how to live in

A Formidable Scotsman.

IN Sir Vincent Meredith, the Chairman of the Bank of Montreal, who died the other day, Canada has lost another of those fine and formidable Scotsmen who have been the backbone of her development for the better part of a century.

Like Strathcona, Angus and Mount-Stephen, Sir Vincent started from little or nothing and hacked his way upward—not with the ruthlessness of the American magnate but always playing the straightest of games and trusting to his extra gifts of pertinacity and vision to land him a winner.

His was no exceptional case. For four hundred years at least we have been sending men and women from these islands to found homes, societies, States and Commonwealths in all the seven seas. Is the stream running dry just when the call of the Dominions for men of British stock is loudest, just when our social and industrial condition at home would most benefit by the relief of emigration? I do not know. But Sunday, which brought the news of Sir Vincent Meredith's death, saw also a demonstration that seemed to me significant. Fifty years ago young and ambitious Britons poured themselves overseas. Now they "hunger-march" to Trafalgar Square.

Restaurant Luxuries.

ONE very pleasant development of London life during the last few years has been the growth of restaurants—real restaurants, I mean, not mere annexes to hotels, but places with an atmosphere of their own and presided over by Frenchmen and Italians, principally the latter, who are artists and epicures as well as first-rate business managers.

The first of them to make and deserve a name for itself sprang up some six years ago in Soho. The best, the smallest and the most expensive of them all, is within a few yards of Covent Garden. At another, in Jermyn Street, I tasted the other day a dish new in my experience of English menus—bear—and found it excellent. At a still younger establishment not far away, closely associated with a foreign Government, I have encountered two most welcome innovations—hot Russian hors d'œuvres and a baby sturgeon bearing about the same relation to the ordinary fish that a salmon trout bears to a salmon.

It is the aeroplane that has made possible the importation of these and many other delicacies that are now for the first time diversifying the English bill of fare—the aeroplane and also the enterprise of a new generation of restaurateurs who see no reason why London should not be as well catered for as Paris.

A Very Noisy Election.

AN electorate of some twenty-eight million requires very different treatment from one of the manageable

pre-war size. When our rulers started laddling out the suffrage with both hands they probably never stopped to wonder how these hordes of new voters were to be approached and reached by the candidates, where their political education was to come from, or how they were to be sufficiently interested in an election to enter the polling booth.

But invention has stepped in to make the leap in the dark not quite the blind somersault it must have been. With wireless, loud speakers, relayed speeches, and talking films, it is certain that a vastly greater proportion of the electors than in any previous campaign will be brought into ocular and aural,

if not into personal, touch with the leaders and orators of all parties. In fact, I see very little chance of any voter, even in the most remote hamlet, escaping altogether from the tornado of eloquence that is about to burst. The bray of politics will be added to the more natural noises of market-day in every county town; and a microphoned, filmed, mechanised and megaphoned campaign promises, before it is over, to pretty well deafen the country.

Boxer Peer as Candidate.

I WAS mentioning last week the eight gallant young Unionists who are contesting East End constituencies. Viscount Knebworth is their latest recruit and Shoreditch is the seat he is to fight.

Lord Knebworth, though he is best known



The promise of a distinguished career has been ended by the death from appendicitis of Louis Blériot, jun., at the age of 24. His father Louis Blériot was the first man to fly across the Channel—in 1909—thereby winning a £1,000 prize.



Miss Marvel Crosson, Alaska's only licensed woman pilot, is to make an attempt on the air endurance record at Arcadia, California. Her brother, Joe Crosson, accompanied Sir Hubert Wilkins on his South Polar Expedition.

as a boxer, with a special fondness for policemen as opponents, has the sparseness of all the Lyttons and looks more like a runner than a fighter. He will most certainly give his backers in politics, as he always has done in the ring, a thoroughly sporting run for their money. Like most of the other Unionist candidates I expect him to become one of the pillars of that remarkable organisation, the East London Welfare Fund, which owes its origin and inspiration to Colonel "Johnny" Dodge. It is wholly non-political and non-sectarian, but it plays in the life of five of the poorest East End districts the same rôle as a sympathetic squire in the life of a village, or as the officers of a regiment,

in promoting sports and entertainments for their men and otherwise befriending them. I know of no society of any kind that is able to lay out small sums and large to such admirable advantage as the East London Welfare Fund.

The World Our Market.

A CAPITAL suggestion has sprung from the Prince of Wales's insistence on the need for good salesmanship. A manufacturing firm has offered £5,000 towards a £1,000,000 fund to be spent in advertising British goods abroad. If ninety-nine other firms will contribute a similar amount and if the Government will give pound for pound, a world-wide campaign could be launched with good prospects of obtaining results.

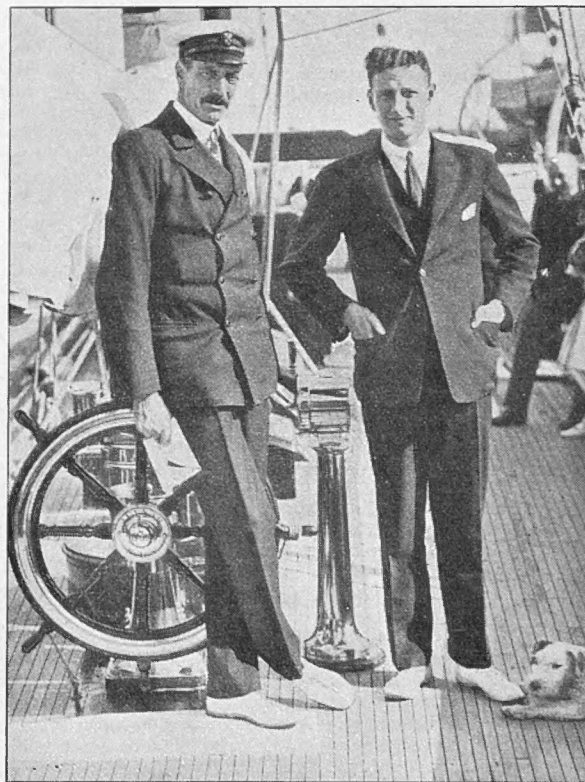
It has always seemed to me astonishing that our people should willingly pay the Empire Marketing Board a million a year to promote the sale of Empire goods and products in the British market in direct competition with British growers and manufacturers. Empire trade will always be valuable, but Britain can never dream of limiting her commercial or financial interests to the Dominions and the Colonies and the Dependencies. The whole world is her market.

Racing holds its own.

FOR hundreds of thousands of our fellow subjects life begins again this month when the flat racing season opens. I find my friends of the Turf much less despondent this year than they were last.

Dog racing, still a formidable competitor a year ago, has pretty obviously passed its zenith. The coming of the "Tote," though not much if anything will be seen of it this season, is still a strengthening sign. Moreover, the Jockey Club and racecourse proprietors, finding themselves, like the railways, facing new forms of competition, have taken energetic steps to win back the popular favour that was once theirs.

The next fortnight, when the Lincoln and the Grand National will be on everybody's lips, will serve to show that the Turf, is still our national sport.

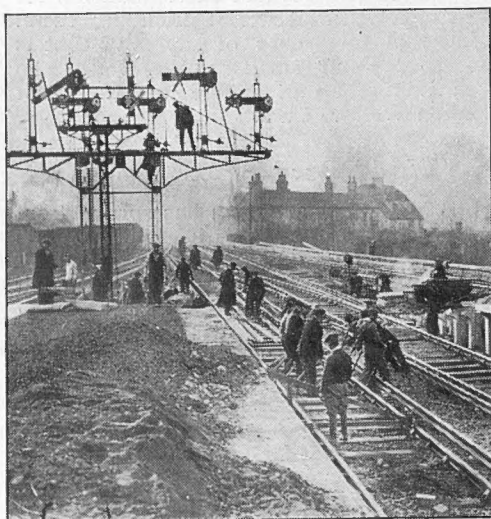


The King of Denmark, with his son Prince Knud, on board the "Julnar" at Cannes, where a six days Regatta was arranged in honour of the royal visitor.

THE THINGS



The recent trouble in Bombay in which Pathans, Moslems and Hindus were chiefly engaged led to bloodshed.



Speeding up on the Southern Railway. Thousands of men have been working against time to complete the £11,000,000 suburban electrification scheme by Sunday. A gang of men working at Epsom.



"Hunger Marchers," who have walked to London from many mining districts, met in Trafalgar Square on Sunday and held a mass meeting.

Books of Nasty Taste

By FREDERICK HEATH

THE seizure by the police of an alleged offensive novel, "The Sleeveless Errand," by a hitherto unknown, author, and MSS. of poems, "Pansies," by D. H. Lawrence, raises again the whole question of books of nasty taste, though these books not having been read cannot be criticised.

Neurotic types and sex in many aspects have frequently been made the subjects of great art. The Greeks and Romans made immortal literature out of them; Biblical history abounds in them, and the greatest of our own and Continental authors, whose names are as familiar as household words (Shakespeare, Rabelais, Shelley, Thomas Hardy, Anatole France, to name but a few), proved that any and every phase of human life and its experiences can be dealt with in literature. But only if the treatment is proper. The function of art is to transmute by its magic, not to transcribe by reporting in the terms of the lavatory and the gutter.

The "new art," free of restraint (which is the first quality of all great art) but full of complexes, is responsible for the production of the nasty novel as we know it and other "literature" which has now been definitely labelled as "lavatory." The main obsession is sex, the assumption being that all life is based upon sex, which is true—but all life is not based upon or directed by thoughts about the habits of animals. This is merely realism, raving. It is, however, something much more pernicious than this; it is a growing consciousness among certain authors and publishers that pornography, if sufficiently disgusting in portrayal, pays handsomely.

Realising this fact, certain authors and publishers, in the most shameless modern sense, combine in a traffic of nasty books which do incalculable harm. Under the label of realism, for which a post-war and disillusioned generation is said to hunger as a lamb for its mother's milk, books are published by one method or another, which are only fit for consignment to the fire or the sewer.

THE only censorship of books is a queer survival of Habeas Corpus—a seizure by the police of as many copies of an offending book as possible; an action which sends up the price of all unseized copies to a ridiculous figure.

There are, however, and this is an important point, methods whereby the nastiest of books can be printed and sold. One is the abuse of the method of the "limited edition" with which some of us are familiar. Comparatively few copies of such books are printed, all of which are subscribed for before the book is published. The book not being on sale to the general public escapes, except in rare cases, any ugly fate. But it gets passed on like a filthy story and the pernicious influence becomes almost unlimited.

Another method is to print the book abroad and arrange for its privately subscribed circulation in this country. A book by a well-known author in which every filthy expression and act of sex is meticulously described was published recently in this way.

Prohibited by a high price and published most cunningly, the "limited edition" book provides far more examples of filthy literature than anything which the police have seized up to now.

Parliament Wakes Up!

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

THE power of the King has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Such were the terms of Dunning's famous resolution accepted by the House of Commons in the third decade of George III. I have long had it in mind to propose an identical resolution to the present House of Commons. I believe that in the prevailing temper of the House it would again be accepted. It would, of course, be made clear that no attack upon the King's personal authority is to-day, even remotely, suggested. The "King" is now represented by ministers who have again in these last days been sharply reminded that they are responsible to Parliament. On a question of national honour the Ministry has been compelled to defer (temporarily at any rate) to the will of the House of Commons.

This is a matter of no small significance. What precisely does it import? It means that at long last the House of Commons is awakening to the fact that the Executive Government, which has, of late, ridden rough-shod over Parliament and people alike, is in truth the hand-maid of the House of Commons, and must, in the last resort, do its bidding, or accept notice of dismissal. The Ministry has, of course, an alternative: it may appeal from the House of Commons to the *demos*.

For many years past the current has run the other way—and with increasing rapidity since the outbreak of the Great War.

Inter arma silent leges—"In war-time the voice of the law is hushed": the Executive Government is necessarily entrusted with arbitrary powers.

This being so, it is the more incumbent upon the generation which follows a great war to make sure that the arbitrary powers permitted to the Executive in war-time shall not be perpetuated in peace time.

The Local Government Bill, which has just passed through the House of

Commons, affords a conspicuous example of the danger to which I refer. There are (as Mr. F. Brown pointed out in debate) 91 references in the Bill to the "making of orders" by the Minister of Health, and the whole Bill teems with such expressions as: the Minister "may declare," "may decide," etc.

Some such powers are, I admit, essential to the head of a great administrative department. But we must distinguish between merely executive powers, and quasi-legislative powers.

Parliament is, and ought to be, exceedingly jealous, not for its own dignity but for the sake of the people it represents, of any infringement of its law-making power.

BUT in England Parliament is not only a law-making body: it controls or should control the executive. The personal liberty of every citizen in England ultimately depends on two things: (1) the wisdom of Parliament in making laws; and (2) the vigilance of the courts of law in securing obedience to those laws.

The judges can only interpret and apply the laws made by Parliament.

Immense, therefore, is the responsibility of Parliament, and every lover of freedom and of justice will rejoice that Parliament is re-awakening to a sense of that responsibility.

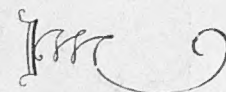


"Known to the Police!" Miss Norah C. James, copies of whose first novel, "The Sleeveless Errand," were seized by the police on the ground of its alleged obscenity.



A noted constitutionalist: Sir John Marriott, member of Parliament for York, a well-known historian and economist, who contributes to these pages.

THAT HAPPEN



Landlords and Babies

By ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.

PEOPLE make a fuss about the declining birth rate. Bishops and Peers lecture the childless couple, and grow stern at the number of women who will not marry and do their share towards increasing the population of the Empire. I suppose it seems simple, but harassed modern mothers are asking where they can put the children if they have them.

Look down the columns of any journal which specialises in apartment advertisements. In eight cases out of ten you will see such words as "no children taken," "suit business couple," "middle-aged couple preferred." The cheering words "children not objected to" are very seldom found.

Since I raised the matter in Parliament I have been overwhelmed with pathetic letters from people wanting rooms, and from irate landladies saying that children kick their property to pieces. From some of these complaints one would gather that children should be kept in cages.

The Minister of Health says that the only remedy is more houses, but that is only a partial solution if he means houses on the new Council estates. These are necessarily far from the centre of any big town, and however glad the mother would be to take the children into fresher air, she sometimes cannot afford the heavy fares, and in other cases the husband must live near his work.

WHAT is such a woman to do? She tramps wearily round from agent to agent, visiting hopefully every house which has a "Rooms to Let" sign, spends shillings she cannot afford answering advertisements, and everywhere she is met with a stony stare, when she guiltily confesses that she has two or three little ones. At the best, there is the agent, "Very sorry, madam, but we cannot persuade landlords to take young children," and some large firms of house agents frankly state in their advertisements "landlords will not take tenants who have more than one child."

I KNOW the landlord has a case, especially in furnished apartments, but in the unfurnished ones surely it is against the public weal to ban all children indiscriminately. As things are, the most careful mother who trains her children to respect other people's property is penalised with the neglectful and careless. I have received letters from married women who have injured their health because they actually have not dared to risk losing their tenancy by having a child.

The problem is reaching the proportions of a scandal, especially in London. It means that citizens of the future are forced into damp basements, or crowded into insanitary houses although their parents could afford to pay for better accommodation if the landlords would only let the rooms to them.

THE only way out that I can see is the provision of flats at reasonable rents by the public authorities. Meantime the Housing Committees might do something by taking a census in their areas of rooms available to children. It would, at least, open the eyes of the public to an urgent need that ought to be met.



Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P. One of the women who have made their mark in political life. She contributes an outspoken article on a vital question.

A Plague on all Parties

By HERBERT ASHLEY

NO—it is not due to "indifference," that popular excuse for the lukewarm, so beloved by the enthusiast, political or religious. I am aware of the broad principles and characteristics of the three great parties, and in each I find a little to admire and much more to deride.

In the Conservative Party I admire great representative figures like Balfour and Baldwin. Its faith attracts me because it realises the wisdom of holding fast to that which is proved to be good, and not being sentimentally moved to some untried innovation. Do nothing, disturb nothing unless you are very, very certain about its consequent benefits, says the Conservative Party, less your last estate be worse than your first. There is, I feel, a great deal to be said for this attitude.

On the other hand, I suspect the Conservative Party because, in the main, its adherents are those with money; those very people who are afraid to lose or venture money on schemes likely to be beneficial to the more unfortunate.

I feel, again in the main, that the typical Tory is not in the least concerned with the poor devil who is down. The Tory outlook is aristocratic—actual or would-be—that is why it has so many adherents in places in lesser suburbia. To many, Conservatism is a comforting creed: a very convenient cloak in a highly respectable manner for an attitude which is merely selfishness.

Thus trembling, I turn to the opposite extreme, the Labour Party. What repels me from the Labour Party is its sentimentalism and lack of humour.

I admire the intellect of some of the Labour Party. Quite apart from several lawyers, who joined the Labour Party when they had a shrewd idea which way the cat was about to jump, there are many keen and polished minds in Labour. They are, however, far out-numbered by the sentimentalists who "feel" so keenly that they are unable to think at all. I am appalled

by the behaviour of some of its members in the House. There is only one name for it—excuse it how you will—bad manners and lack of control, and it is always deplorable because it introduces heat into a discussion and thus usurps the place of reason.

Thus I perceive that many of the Labour Party are as vulgar, narrow and ungenerous as many of the Conservatives. However much one may sympathise with some of Labour's views, yet I could never join a party which so deplorably lacks a sense of humour.

I TURN again—to Liberalism. Liberalism is an attitude of mind very attractive to me. I have a curious belief in the right (so often abused by many ardent Liberals) of every man to his honest belief. I believe that Liberalism as a leavening force is necessary. It is an attractive creed to one who is cursed with an inevitable ability of seeing always both sides. And then I recall (with horror!) how many Liberals are Nonconformists of a type I detest: narrow, jealous, unctuous, the "know-alls" of this world. I loathe its repressions, its inhibitions, its appalling respectability. To me it is apt to replace thinking by sniffing! There are the symptoms. Now, what is the matter with me? On what Party should I be "frightfully keen"?

On none, say I.



Herbert Ashley, who gives his views on the political parties, is well known as an author, journalist, and writer of lyrics for revues which have proved very popular.



Revels in Malta. The Piazza Reale, Valetta, presented a gay scene during the carnival which is reviving some of its former glories and attracted visitors from all parts of the island.



"The Seven Seas," one of the last of the wind-jammers, has started for New York and the South Seas. She is carrying guns and an aeroplane and will be converted into a palatial yacht for a secret mission.



Some of the "hunger marchers" at Trafalgar Square where a "charter" of demands was set forth. Mr. A. J. Cook, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, addressed the meeting.



Winter's Firm Grasp on the Continent

Snow, ice and bitter blasts have not been confined to the British Isles, for the Continent has suffered even severer weather than we have.

This is not Venice suffering from the frost, as might appear at first glance, but Hamburg, in Germany, where the canals have been frozen, causing much inconvenience to local shipping.

Similar scenes were witnessed in Venice, the city of gondolas, where supplies normally sent by water were almost unobtainable. Such cold has not been known in Venice since 1778. Snow ploughs have been a common sight in Berlin, while Breslau has suffered the inconvenience of being without electric light or power.

Canals in Holland and Belgium

have been so congested with ice that, in spite of ice-breakers, traffic has only been possible under great handicaps. In the Baltic ice-breakers have been working day and night. Even the Riviera, the resort of those who seek to escape the rigours of an English winter, has suffered, and snow and frost have made visitors regret having left their own firesides at home.

The two bright spots, strangely enough, have been Greenland and Iceland; the Esquimaux have complained of the heat, and have been unable to pursue their vocations.

Unwanted Middle-Age

There is, perhaps, no tragedy in life so poignant as that epitomised in the phrase, "too old at forty." At a time when even youth has a fierce struggle to find employment, the problem of the middle-aged man out of work seems almost insoluble . . . But middle-age has still "its honours and its toil—"

By

Sydney Brooks

THE cover-page of BRITANNIA this week depicts a tragedy none the less harrowing for being common. The tragedy of middle-age. The frustration and defeat of men who suddenly find themselves unwanted. The abrupt confrontation of self in the mirror of failure. The awful realisation that there seems to be no place for one in the scheme of things, hardly a corner in which to hide, much less a field in which one may work and achieve. Am I wrong in thinking that in Britain one encounters these stranded derelicts, these waste products of our social and industrial system, more often than elsewhere? It would be odd if I were wrong.

We are an old and overcrowded country. If competition is no fiercer here than in other lands—it could hardly be that—it is as a rule competition on so high a plane that only the hardest and the most efficient survive. We live in Britain on the smallest of small margins of profit—margins that are themselves the fruit of desperate skill and unsparring pertinacity. Small wonder that the middle-aged man out of a job, whether through his own fault or not, is a spectacle and a problem that, in these islands, is distressingly frequent and deplorably sad.

DREAMS OF A NEW LIFE.

WHAT can he do? Vaguely his thoughts turn to the Dominions. He has heard of the wide spaces, the boundless opportunities, of those new lands under the Flag that ultimately are to be richer, more populous and more secure than the mother country. There, at any rate, he imagines, there will be no floundering down blind alleys, no battering at closed doors. There, if nowhere else, a man will be judged by his worth, the career will be open to talent. In that free unhampered atmosphere—so runs his dream—amid those varied, equal, vista-opening surroundings, a new life will be possible. One can begin again. One can stake what one has of experience, courage, and determination with the full assurance that the game is "on the level," and not criss-crossed and deflected, as it so often seems to be in Britain, by a thousand irrelevancies of convention, "good form" and social subordinations.

TOO OLD AT FORTY.

IN this faith of innocence many a middle-aged Briton has reached out yearningly to Canada. What does he find, expressed or implied, in the response of the great Dominion? The same heart-breaking injunctions and warnings served on him already times without number in Great Britain

itself. "Youth Only Wanted." "No Room for the Middle-Aged." "If you are getting old, you may as well get out." "Take your grey hairs somewhere else—God knows where—we have no use for them here."

Well, if that is the way Canada thinks and acts, Canada is wrong. The mercilessness of these new lands, that wear men out before they are fifty and consume their youth as a Cuban sugar-mill burns in its furnaces the waste products of the cane! Are they really merciless or have they grown frightened and finicky? You will hardly find anywhere nowadays a country, in the Empire or out of it, that is not terrified by the thought that one of its immigrants may become "a public charge." Yet the settlers and pioneers who first made it a country at all had nothing between themselves and destitution but muscle, the team spirit and faith. But today the Governments of these countries seem bent on barring out the very type of men who first hewed a community out of their barren silences. They pick and choose. They erect standards, they impose restrictions. Nothing is more certain than that the Pilgrim Fathers would never be allowed to land in the America as we know it to-day.

THE VIRTUES AT A DISCOUNT.

Middle-age not wanted? Then knowledge of life and affairs is not wanted! Skill at one's job, whatever it may be, is not wanted! The social, stabilising, home-building instinct is not wanted! Leadership, maturity, the compensation-balance of experience—these are not wanted!

MIDDLE age not wanted? Then knowledge of life and affairs is not wanted. Skill at one's job, whatever it may be, is not wanted. The social, stabilising, home-building instinct is not wanted. Leadership, maturity, the compensation-balance of experience—these are not wanted. All that is valued and sought after by the framers of modern immigration laws is the brawn of youth.

What a fantastic delusion! As though the pick and the axe and the toil of the body were all that were needed to plant upon the world a new commonwealth! As though the directing brain, the traditions, atmosphere and outlook of adult men and women who have seen and suffered went for nothing! As though the very best immigrant that a growing land, could receive were not the responsible reasoning middle-aged man whose adventures are of the past, who is seeking security and an anchorage, and whose single ambition is to make a home and a livelihood for his family and himself.

SOME WORK OF NOBLE NOTE.

I CONFESS if I were a Canadian statesman I should be looking out for immigrants like that. I should welcome the chance of making such an addition to the conservative and more thoughtful elements

of society. I should reflect that the risks run by a middle-aged man in pulling up his stakes and faring forth to try his luck in a new land are incomparably greater than any run by the country that receives him—the country he approaches with but one petition, "Give me a chance." I should remember, too, that life is full of examples of men of fifty and over who, after taking a heavy toss, have picked themselves up, and "made good." The wild oats of youth are all very well, so are the high spirits of youth and youth's blind strength and blinder hopes. But they need to be reinforced and diversified if the harvest is to be worth the gathering.

In a new land, especially, where thought runs precipitately to action and the Babbitts are always boosting, some leaven of the adult and less material standpoint falls little short of a victory for civilisation.

But in an old land, like ours? These hopeless middle-aged misfits—is there no cure for them when they exist and no possibility of preventing them from existing at all? I believe there is, and I believe, also, that both remedy and prevention are one. There are cases undoubtedly—the British coal-fields are full of them at this moment—where the middle-aged man is seeking and cannot find the sort of work he has always done. But the cases are far more numerous in which he is out of a job because he is not an expert in anything, because from a boyhood spent in the easy employments that lead nowhere he has passed into an equally feckless manhood, because with a smattering of many crafts he is a master of none.

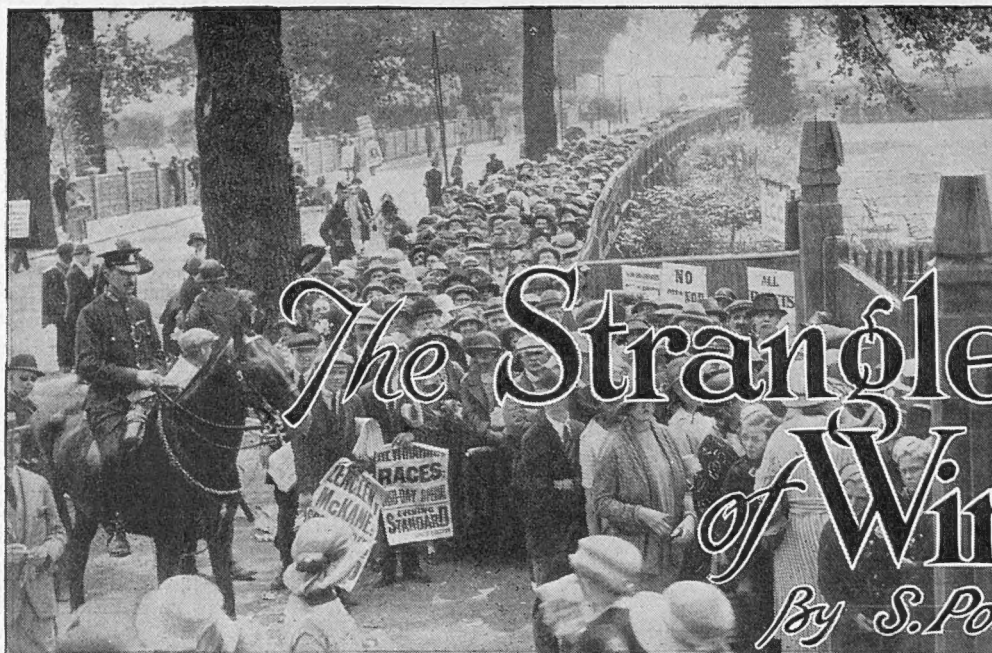
Broadly speaking, the man with a trade is secure against Fate. He knows something; he can do something; and it will be the roughest of rough luck, or the proof of some fatal flaw of character, if he cannot somewhere and somehow turn his knowledge and skill to account.

PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

WHAT I gravely fear is that our education system, as it becomes more bookish and examinational, grows less and less adequate as a training-ground for boys and girls who will have to make their own way in life in one or other of the myriad compartments of industrialism.

The problem of the middle-aged unemployed is often, I agree, the problem of the middle-aged unemployable. It is the problem of the boy who coming from a State school, with no particular bent and his mind packed with the irrelevant routine stuffing of the fashionable pedagogics of the hour, drifts into an unskilled occupation, wanders from it to other jobs equally without either stimulus or prospects, becomes addicted to the dole, and finds himself in middle-age a mere mass of fossilised inefficiency, with nothing to offer and nowhere to turn.

If those are the type of men whom Canada is represented on the cover-page as barring out, then I cannot altogether blame Canada, except perhaps for a slight lack of imagination or courage or, it may be, generosity.



Why you cannot get a seat at Wimbledon during the Championships; the autocratic powers possessed by the authorities, particularly in regard to finance, are among the vital questions discussed in this outspoken article.

The Stranglehold of Wimbledon

By S. Powell Blackmore

Small chance of a seat. Little consideration is given to the general public at Wimbledon. A queue outside the gates hoping to get inside.

EVERY year when March comes round some thousands of people are eagerly awaiting to hear whether they have been successful in their application for seats for the coming lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon. Most of them will be disappointed applicants because the demand for seats has far outgrown the accommodation of the central stadium. Its capacity, including standing space, is for about 15,000 people. There are approximately ten thousand seats.

THE GAMBLE FOR SEATS.

HOW can I get a seat for Wimbledon? is an oft-heard question. Reserved seats available to the general public must be applied for by February 1st. Of these there are 3,500 round the Centre court for disposal after the demands of debenture holders and members have been satisfied. There are two grades of debenture holders: Class A receive two free seats for the whole meeting; Class B have the right to purchase two seats for every £100 debenture held, at the current price of £4 4s. per seat.

Last year for these remaining 3,500 seats applicants sent in cheques for about £47,000, and £35,000 of this huge sum had to be returned to unsuccessful people. These seats are supposed to be allocated by ballot, but those behind the scenes always laugh at the mention of the word ballot.

Said one sporting lad to me the other day, "What are the mathematical odds against my being successful in the ballot this year?" I suggested four to one.

"Right," he replied, "I will lay you three pounds to one that I shall get two seats!"

"So will I," interposed another, "despite the fact I got them last year also."

"How did I get them? Well, I sent a really rude letter to Wimbledon accompanying my cheque for £8 8s. for two seats for the whole meeting. I told them that I had applied unsuccessfully for the past seven years and that I knew of someone else who

had for seven years been annually successful in the ballot. I added that I estimated the mathematical chance against such a seven years' run in a straight ballot was 315,000 to one."

Another of last year's successful applicants then said he won tickets by writing and saying that in the event of failure again he would open a bureau for the resale of Wimbledon seat tickets on commission.

Thus the also-rans for this year may now think out some bright scheme for getting tickets next season.

WAITING IN THE QUEUES.

THE Wimbledon ballot is a hotly debated question in lawn tennis circles. Regular



The owners of these cars were probably among the lucky ones in the ballot for seats. A view of a car park outside the courts at Wimbledon.

tournament players generally hold the view, and express it strongly, too, that they should have priority of claim to reserved tickets, as is done by the Rugby football authorities at Twickenham. On the other hand, the Wimbledon Committee think that the present arrangement is financially more secure for themselves. Anyway, the general public get a small chance, save in those dreadful daily queues!

These lawn tennis championships are held every year at the grounds of the All-England Club. The meeting lasts a fortnight.

Although styled "The Lawn Tennis Championships" the tournament is, in reality, a national one, comparable with the American championships held at Forest Hills and the French championships in Paris. For years the Wimbledon meeting has attracted the world's greatest players; for twenty years the men's singles title has been held by overseas visitors—Frenchmen, Americans and Australasians.

The All-England Club is a private venture in the hands of a small group of men. But so great has become the vogue of lawn tennis that the annual championships at Wimbledon have become, since the war, a veritable gold mine—yielding net profits, it is believed, of well over £30,000 a year. Their balance-sheet is a secret one and Wimbledon regards any inquiry regarding its financial side as an impertinence.

The boom which fell upon the game in 1919 forced the Wimbledon authorities to

quit their old grounds in Worple Road and to construct the present stadium and grounds at a cost of approximately £100,000. But Wimbledon is not the governing body of the game, though in a sense it is far more powerful than the Lawn Tennis Association to whom it owes its present hold upon the championships.

TRUTH OF A SECRET AGREEMENT.

WHAT is wrong with English lawn tennis? Why cannot we produce champions? These and allied questions are

discussed every year. Sundry answers are supplied each season, but one factor largely contributing to past failures has been the indifference of Wimbledon towards its National responsibilities; its utter disregard of a pledged agreement. When the transfer was made to the present grounds at Wimbledon Park the Lawn Tennis Association made an agreement with the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, *re* Wimbledon.

This document fills nine pages of closely printed matter foolscap size. Without question it may be described as a secret agreement. It was signed by the contracting parties in 1922; it expires on December 31st, 1947.

In this document the Lawn Tennis Association assigned to the All-England Club the exclusive rights to hold "The Lawn Tennis Championships on Grass" for 25 years.

We have already seen that the net profits on these Championships are in the neighbourhood of £30,000 a year. Now do a small multiplication sum: £30,000 × 25. It gives you £750,000. That is just what those exclusive rights indicate. Yet that is the kind of largesse our Lawn Tennis governing body threw away in 1922 with barely a gesture, simultaneously pleading poverty and inability to spend moneys needed for the development of our national talent.

WORKING A GOLD MINE.

NO one can blame Wimbledon for accepting a gift of such munificence. Would anyone of us refuse it? Wimbledon's first concern is its gold-mining rights of the world's amateur lawn tennis talent—and right well has the club exploited the field. Yet the agreement bound the Wimbledon Club to fulfil certain obligations—small enough in all conscience compared with the annual gate receipts. First of all Wimbledon pays a percentage of its profits to the Lawn Tennis Association. Last year that sum was approximately £10,000.

Furthermore Wimbledon undertook to provide to the Lawn Tennis Association other facilities, namely:

"The use of an adequate number of grass and hard courts for the training and coaching of players (including juniors) and for practice by players selected or provisionally selected

for International Competitions and the services of a competent professional for training such players."

That promise was given in 1922 in the form of a legally binding agreement. In 1923 that competent professional should have been available for training English Davis Cup players and our juniors. For five years no coaching whatsoever was supplied by Wimbledon as agreed. You may pertinently ask then why did not the Lawn Tennis Association enforce the Agreement. All I could in print answer would be—"Yes, why not!"

Then came last year when Karel Kozeluh was engaged to coach at Wimbledon for six weeks and it was generally declared that the Lawn Tennis Association actually paid half the cost!

I state here that a six weeks' engagement is not a fulfilment of this contract. It is but playing with the big question of competent coaching. I had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a copy of this Agreement. Its secrets hitherto have been guarded with an almost unconquerable success.

Now, in view of this disclosure I ask the All-England Club what reparation is honourably due to the Lawn Tennis Association, as representing thousands of English clubs and all the leading ones, on account of their failure to keep this pact. Money cannot undo the harm inflicted upon British prestige, but on a cash saving alone to Wimbledon the amount must be over £6,000.

PENALISING BRITISH PLAYERS.

WITHOUT going any further into more abstruse reasons for the successive failures of British International teams on the world's lawn tennis courts, here is one fundamental reason why our players have not done better in the past and why, too, our juniors do not mature as rapidly as do juniors of foreign countries.

Lord D'Abernon is the president of the Lawn Tennis Association. Eighteen months ago, speaking at the Annual General meeting, he made this declaration:

"I am told by a leading authority and a keen judge of the game that about



In a privileged part. By some means or other these spectators were able to gain admission and can stroll about, certain of their seats.

half-fifteen represents the improvement (in English talent) he considers necessary to turn what was a defeat this year (1927) into a victory—or a good chance of victory next year. That I call a bridgeable margin. It can be bridged by methodical training, skilful coaching, and team organisation."

That leading authority was the late Col. H. G. Mayes.

Now what have the Wimbledon Club and the Lawn Tennis Association to say about that neglected Agreement?

HARD FACTS ABOUT HARD COURTS.

IN another clause of this Secret Agreement the Wimbledon Club undertook to provide:—

"The use of 10 hard courts in the Hard Court Championships and any other hard court competitions and matches promoted by the Association, one of such courts being equipped with adequate stands."

Yet the Hard Court championships have never once been held at Wimbledon! When I first went over the ground Commander G. W. Hillyard, then Secretary, took me to the area which is now known as Court No. 1 (adjacent to the Centre Court).

"This," he said, "is to be the Centre Hard Court, with seating capacity for five or six thousand people." To make this "hard court arena" Wimbledon borrowed from the Lawn Tennis Association £4,000 at 3 per cent. Then they proceeded to lay down not a hard court but an additional grass court.

The Hard Court Championships will never be a national success until they are held, in terms of this Agreement, at Wimbledon. The wangling that has been done to hold them anywhere but at Wimbledon is a blot on the government of English lawn tennis. The game is now played so universally that its efficient control is of greater importance than the present rulers seem to imagine.



Tea and Talk. Enthusiastic critics take their ease in the tea enclosure at Wimbledon and discuss players and prospects.

The Barrie Tradition

"Quality Street" has been revived, which leads our critic to discuss the merits of Sir James Barrie's plays which he considers, as a whole, sugary and sentimental.

By Maitland Davidson



"Her Shop" at the Criterion. The ever-youthful Miss Marie Tempest with W. Graham Browne.

THE Barrie tradition is one of the most remarkable phenomena in English life—or rather, its survival to the present time. I refer more particularly to the plays of Sir James, for I rather doubt whether his books draw many of the reading public in these days.

Yet they mostly have more or less that same quality of sentiment, to be described as tender or mawkish according to whether you are a "fan" or not, which may be observed in a majority of the plays. I have always thought *The Admirable Crichton* the most real of Barrie's works, in spite of its far-fetched idea, because in it he rounded on himself, as it were, and struck a, for him, violent blow at his own creation of fantasy.

But in the greater part of his writing there is a determined effort to be whimsically appealing, an earnest cult of the innocently entertaining, a paternally benevolent pursuit after the domestically and almost sexlessly emotional, which one would imagine to be quite at cross-purposes with the franker intellectual and moral honesty of this post-war period.

SENTIMENT AND SUGAR.

IS it possible that we remain at heart, in spite of all, a race of sentimentalists? I have seen two Barrie plays revived since Christmas. One was *Peter Pan*, which, of course, stands rather apart from the rest, since it is written—and very delightfully written—for children. Yet even here there are considerable slabs of sentiment; and the "mother-stuff" is laid on thick.

One is a little surprised that children, always realists, should like it, especially under the modern régime, in which they are allowed to have decided preferences of their own instead of being expected to swallow parental ones whole. Perhaps they don't; perhaps it is the parents and the middle-aged who really lead the applause. But, at any rate, approval continues to be expressed, from whatever source: such as feel doubts suppressing them, it may be, out of respect for tradition.

That most palpably and barefacedly sugary of plays, *Quality Street*, has also just been revived at the Haymarket, and has met with the accustomed chorus of welcome. It is, in truth, the most amazingly thin stuff to a modern theatre-going mind, however it may have imposed itself on the less sophisticated



Miss Pamela Carme shows us the latest in py-jamas in "Her Shop."

Miss Mary Clare, a clever actress who has been portraying a nagging wife at the Coliseum.



this Tale of Two Sisters, reduced by poverty to the painful task of running an infant school, and so utterly incompetent that even after nine years of it they had not learnt the first thing about their job.

Then the hesitating lover of the younger one, who has now reached a terribly mature age ("why does thirty look so much more than twenty-nine?") is at last brought up to the scratch by the sweetly preposterous device of his Phoebe pretending to be her own apocryphal niece—a metamorphosis achieved mainly by the removal of a very becoming cap.

AMIALE NONSENSE.

THE whole thing is a silvery cobweb of amiable nonsense, which, if a modern author inconceivably contrived to get it staged as a production of to-day, all the lions of the gallery and eke the stalls would quite probably combine to gnaw and worry into small bits. But such is our national reverence for tradition, apparently, that the Barrie Constrictor just hypnotises them all like a lot of rabbits into crying for a space of three hours: "Great is Sir James of the Ephesians," or words to that effect.

Of course, all the actors and actresses adore this sort of stuff, because it gives them such "fat" lines and parts. Many critics love it, too, seemingly because of its "archaic" interest. The young

ones deplore the fact that they were still in their cradles at the time of the first presentation, and can only be conjecturally reminiscent.

The old ones solemnly compare the performance of Miss Angela Baddeley as Phoebe with those of her predecessors—Miss Fay Compton, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt (a decidedly odd choice) and Miss Ellaline Terriss. Some contrast Miss Baddeley unfavourably with Miss Terriss, the authentic original.

mental angle of 1902, when it made its first coy and chaste appearance.

TALE OF TWO SISTERS.

CONFIRMED Barrie fans read a lot of philosophy that is imperceptible to the ordinary coarse-grained audience into some of his plays, notably the somewhat inconsequent and feckless "mysticism" of *Mary Rose*. But even the most enthusiastic of these can hardly find much inner meaning to



Who sighs for the good old times? "Fashion" at the Kingsway gives us an excellent idea of how our grandmothers and great-grandmothers dressed.

But if the Miss Baddeley of to-day did not appear quite sufficiently inane for her part, who can blame her? As a matter of fact, I thought she did extraordinarily well, and indeed almost succeeded—contrary to all probability—in bringing the breath of life into this silly play.

IF THEY CHANGED PARTS.

PERSONALLY I must confess to much preferring a right-down-regular honest kind of nonsense such as *Mr. Cinders*, the new musical comedy at the Adelphi, which makes no pretension to a pose—after all, *Quality Street* is little else, and four whole acts of pose can be terribly tiring. Retrospectively, I had what I can't help thinking was the rather nice idea that it might have been somewhat intriguing to see Miss Binnie Hale and Miss Angela Baddeley exchange rôles.

What hay Miss Hale might have made of her artificially old-fashioned part—or would she have conformed to tradition? As far as in her lay, that is, but I feel certain that these slim and incorrigibly mobile legs would somehow have slipped out of their long skirts at some crucial moment and started to do a chronologically quite premature, as well as socially quite shocking, dance. Yet she is such a brilliant little actress, quite apart from her musical comedy accomplishments, that I feel convinced she would have made a job of it, in spite of all temptations to guy such a terribly guyable part.

As for Miss Baddeley, she who in *Quality Street* so droopingly wonders, "Have I been unladylike?" when for once she behaves rationally, she would quite possibly have made a splendid Jill Kemp in *Mr. Cinders*, though of a quite different order. She may or may not be able to dance as neatly and feely as the incomparable Binnie—I rather doubt it, but you never know. But she would at least have supplied an attractive kind of ingénue beauty and some considerable acting power.

It is an interesting problem, which I suppose will never be settled, owing to contracts and other reasons—but one would

rather like to know in many instances how the dramatic actress would do in musical comedy and *vice versa*; whether Miss Sybil Thorndike would care to swap rôles with Mlle. Delysia just for a change, and so on . . .

A MALE CINDERELLA.

TALKING of *Mr. Cinders*, though, I would describe it as a rather mediocre affair, but Mr. Bobby Howes backs up Miss Binnie Hale to

—yes, it is perfectly possible—that these people *might* be under the impression that nothing extraordinary had happened to them, though we have just seen unfolded before us a drama of infinite tenderness and tragedy, of astoundingly intermingled light and shade.

The dying shriek of their daughter still rings in our ears, but for them it has been muffled and deadened by the double-doors of time, that inexorable yet kindly opiate of the long littleness of life of which the sentimentalists would hate to acknowledge the existence. "Somehow we all go marching on," as one of the characters sums it up—that is a truer conclusion than any marriage bell or funeral knell.

TOO GENTLEMANLY

ANOTHER alternative is a round of the music halls—or, as they call themselves now, variety houses. They are not so robust as they were in the old days of the simpler title. Even the Palladium, which restarted some months ago with a well-justified flourish of trumpets, begins to show signs of a relapse into the dull gentleman-and-lady likeness which had already infected most of its colleagues. I hope, though, that it may soon recover. And there is still to be found at these resorts some of the jolly boisterousness and boyish humour which is their proper *raison d'être*—only you have rather to go about picking it out with a pin.

I saw Miss Mary Clare at the Coliseum the other day in just the right sort of sketch in which she put across on proper broad lines the portrait of a nagging wife whom her husband tries to outwit by a trick but is thoroughly done down in the end.



From the Chorus. Miss Lorna Hubbard was promoted from the chorus during rehearsal to a part in "Mr. Cinders" at the Adelphi.

the extent of producing the illusion that it is really quite a good one.

A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

IF you want an antidote to artificial sentiment, though, there is more than one course open. To visit, for example, or revisit, as I did, that remarkable play of Mr. Monckton Hoffe's, called, not too appropriately, *Many Waters*. No Barrie-ite should ever go to see this, for it is—so far as a play can be—essentially real-life stuff.

It is dressed up in a series of episodes which lend it a certain colour, but the persons in it live what might be called ordinary lives, such as might most easily fall to the lot of you or me. And when Mr. and Mrs. Barcaldine resume, in the last scene, the conversation of the first that was interrupted to show us the story of their lives, one feels



Did young ladies of the Victorian era appreciate Dundreary whiskers? The above scene from "Fashion" seems to suggest that no objections were raised.



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Sword Lilies

Gladioli, or sword lilies, can be grown successfully in towns and give a gorgeous effect in the garden or house.

BY MARION GRAN

TO many people the only romantic thing about the gladiolus is its English name, "Sword Lily," very descriptive of the sharp-pointed blade-like leaves. They plant the flat brown corms in carefully prepared ground at the proper season, and then there bloom tall stiff spears, set with bright flowers all the way up the spike. Handsome, but not stirring to the heart at all. Speaking generally, there is experienced no sentiment for gladioli.

They acquire a different status, however, in the affections of those who have met them growing wild in their native habitat. About four years ago I found myself driving behind a team of mules over the African plains, those treeless plains they call the "veld" in South Africa, and the "prairie" in Canada.

Some friends were taking me to see a view over the Sabie Game Reserve, and we were all agog with the interest of the long trail in that warm delicious sunshine. I had no idea that a race of flowers in English gardens was to be charged for ever with new beauty for me because of that journey.

A SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

WHEN we came to the viewpoint we alighted to look in silence over a hundred miles of blue distance upon blue, to the Limpopo, and peak on peak the other side to the Drakensberg; humming bees about our feet, the lark's song, and the doves' cooing over all. I do not know

how long we stood. That was Africa, that majesty, that compelling awful splendour, with the touch of home in the immediate air. Around us, bird and bee-song — and there the distant blue.

As I came back slowly, reluctantly, to earth from the stupendous view, I became

aware that we stood among flowers, tall, slender spikes, blooming in purple and grey, orange and umber and gold. They were sword lilies; I was standing to the elbows in gladiolus flowers; wild gladiolus.

And now, for ever more, when I see the blooms in florists' shops, in town gardens, in country gardens, in my own garden, and the gardens of friends, they breathe to me a spirit of romance, the spell of Africa and her veld, that wilder, lovelier land than

any other on earth.

The gladiolus blooms I saw there were the delicate hooded forms we know over here as the "Prims," or *Primulinus gladioli*; they are those which grow with a frailer and more wayward beauty than the stiff, old-fashioned, large-flowered ones. The "Prims" flower very readily from seed, and they do not need staking, for, though the growth is slender, it is very strong. The small, dainty flowers are wide spaced; there is nothing top-heavy about this type, it grows with a natural grace and sweetly fills the eye.

PLANT SOON.

THE gladiolus corms for spring planting go in the ground fairly soon now, and it is best not to delay in placing orders, or the best varieties will be sold out.

One excellent characteristic of the gladiolus is the way it blooms in town gardens; like the iris, it seems to be able to resist the smoky atmosphere of cities, and will bloom where violets and roses die. The corms are not dear, and that is another excellence; the "Prims" especially are quite cheap.

They make a tremendous display for very little trouble, give colour in the garden at a time of year when colour is needed, yield abundance of fine cutting flowers for indoor

decoration, are easily increased, and cover a wonderful range of colours. Those are enough good reasons for growing the charming sword lilies.

The *Primulinus gladioli* begin to flower earlier than most, opening early in July, quite a fortnight before any of the large-flowering hybrids.

They all like to go into deeply dug, well-drained soil with some sand and leaf-mould worked in. It is wrong to put any strong, fresh stable manure near them; gladioli hate it, but if there is some very old, well-rotted, crumbly manure available, it can be safely worked in under the soil, at least a foot below

the surface, where it will not touch the corms.

They should be planted not less than two inches deep in heavy soil, and not more than four inches deep in light; giving them about half a foot apart in the rows, and a foot between the rows. It is usual to begin planting the second week in March, and continue until the first week in May, at intervals of a fortnight.

GLADIOLI TO PLANT.

SOME reliable large-flowered varieties are: "Prince of Wales," a delicate salmon pink, very good-hearted and free flowering; "Flaming Sword," clear vermilion red; "Bleriot," sometimes catalogued under the name of "Dawn," is the colour of the morning when the sky is primrose and tangerine; "Duchess of York" is a dark



The beautiful gladiolus, Rose Precose.



Gladioli make a fine decorative display.

purple blue, and another blue is "Clio," light with a dark blotch; "Vesta Tilley," white with a spot of mauve; and "America," a very well-known strong variety, with large, delicate lavender-pink flowers.

Of the graceful *Primulinus gladioli* which last such a long time in water when we cut them for the house, some good ones are "Alice Iplady," soft orange-saffron without shading, a lovely colour; "Maiden's Blush," a delicate flushed pink; "Scarlet Cardinal," intense deep scarlet; "Orange Queen," orange and apricot; "Souvenir," a pure rich yellow; "Vanessa," a fine salmon-peach; and "Atalanta," a dainty tawny Prim which is very well known as a good garden gladiolus, and a splendid cutting variety for vases indoors.

Garden Diary

Order Gladiolus bulbs at once.

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Plant flowering Shrubs.

Plant Peonies.

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Wireless in the Home

Radio Comments by ROBERT W. BEARE

A NOTABLE feature in the development of radio is the enormous influence of home requirements of tidiness, simplicity of operation, and presentability. I am sure that the need for the

Reception is not the only thing that matters in the design of modern radio apparatus, which must also have a pleasing appearance.

secrection of loose batteries and their attendant leads was responsible in the first place for the introduction of the all-embracing cabinet, which houses everything necessary for the operation of the set, and has only the essential aerial, earth and loud speaker wires outside, while I rather fancy that in some degree the progress which is being made by the all-electric set could be written down to the same cause.

The all-electric apparatus—a misnomer, by the way, since all sets are all-electric, when one comes to consider the point—which I have in mind is that which possesses its own individual mains' current converting plant, and not that which works from a separate eliminator. The latter is an improvement on the old, untidy batteries, and in some cases is a not altogether unornamental piece of craftsmanship. But it is external, and additional, whereas that which we must continue to call the "all-electric" is entirely self-contained, and may well be specially designed, as to its containing cabinet, to harmonise even with a luxurious "period" room.

THE HOME IN WIRELESS.

AGAIN, the influence of the home is seen in the trend of development of the loud speaker. I will not go so far as to deny to the cabinet cone or moving coil type of instrument the credit of being developed on scientific grounds of superior efficiency, but I am convinced that the first tentative efforts of designers were based mainly upon the absolute incompatibility of temperament of the horn type speaker and any kind of general furnishing. Indeed, it is a question whether the average cone speaker is an improvement, on technical grounds, on the best horned instruments of other days, and many of us continue to use the latter for experimental purposes in our laboratories and workrooms, where appearance doesn't matter, and performance does.

The most recent developments in moving coil and, in less degree, cone speakers does possibly put the old instruments in the shade in regard to the range of the musical scale which can be covered with undiminished efficiency, of course, but it is only quite recently that one can regard the horn speaker as definitely superseded on theoretical grounds, and even yet one appreciates its crystal clarity over its limited range.

But we don't use it in our drawing rooms. That's quite certain. If our own æsthetic sense does not forbid, a Greater Power in the home than ourselves is quite definite about it.

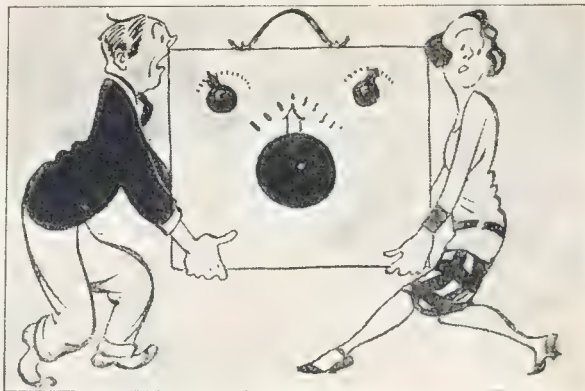
PORTABILITY AND NEATNESS.

EVEN the fashion in portable sets may be largely put down to the necessity for present ability in the home, for, as I have had occasion to say before, the great majority of people who are buying this type of radio set do not want a portable, as such, at all. They do want something that either harmonises with the room or rooms in which it is to be used, or is at least inconspicuous; and they want the convenience of being able to listen to broadcasting in any room which fancy or necessity dictates that they shall occupy.

That these requirements can easily be obtained by more efficient means is not known or not recognised; and the portable certainly does offer a convenient solution of the difficulty.

THE SUPER-PORTABLE.

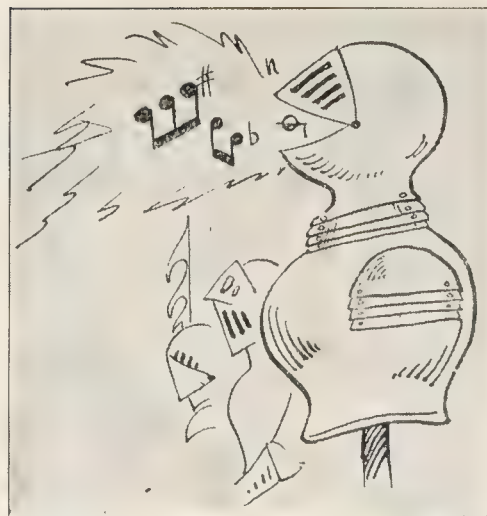
WHICH reminds me that I have been for some time, and am still, trying out one



"... can be called 'portable' only by virtue of the fact that undoubtedly they can be carried from room to room."

of the most interesting sets on the market—one of the very few portables that can really be compared, on performance, with an efficient fixed home set. This is the Selector seven-valve apparatus, which must be regarded as a super-set in every sense. As to appearance, it is housed in a well-finished mahogany cabinet of slightly greater dimensions than the average; and, except for the fact that there is necessarily a handle by which it may be carried, is entitled to be considered as a desirable piece of furniture.

Its weight does not appear to be greater than that of other less efficient sets which I have



"They do want something to either harmonise with the room or is at least inconspicuous."

tested—which, in any case, can be called "portable" only by virtue of the fact that undoubtedly they can be carried from room to room. And its price of 52 guineas is justified.

Since the inside of the cabinet is as neatly finished as the outside—which is to say that all the interesting "works" are completely boxed in against the intrusion of such curious eyes as mine (very wisely, let me add)—I can only hazard the guess that the set operates on the super-heterodyne principle. This is not the place to go into an elaborate explanation of the difference between this principle and that of the ordinary set, but it is the one which I have always regarded as the most suitable for ambitious portable work, with a small self-contained aerial.

SIMPLE OPERATION.

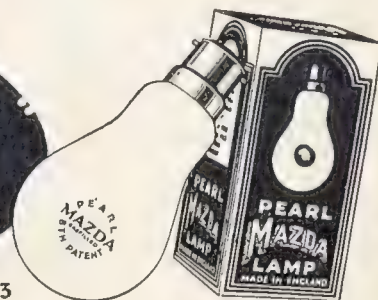
THE set is up to date in every particular, having, for instance, an especially neat and effective turntable at the bottom of the cabinet, so that the whole receiver can be swung around in order to obtain the best direction for the plane of the frame aerial. And it meets my principal objection to the portable in an ingenious fashion. Instead of the usual dry battery high tension supply, with its uncertainty and short life, an accumulator is supplied, and the set is so wired that recharging of both high and low tension accumulators can be carried out simply by the insertion of a plug in the appropriate sockets on the panel.

Operation is simplicity itself. There are two main tuning dials, which must be kept in step in searching for alternative programmes.

The selectivity of the set is such that one may change from one station to another with only microscopic movement of the dials—often of one dial only; and London (or other local station) and 5GB cause interference over a very limited range. Although the loud speaker is contained within the set, as with all portables, a socket is fitted by means of which an external speaker may be employed, and the power of the set is ample for the operation of a moving coil instrument.

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and see things in the right light





He had a rifle with fixed bayonet slung from his shoulder, his helmet was missing and his hair stained yellow on one side by chemical.

The Epic of a Coward

By Allan Swinton

Is cowardice innate in all of us and bravery merely a power which enables us to overcome cowardice? This story tells of a gunner officer who, new to the horrors of war, failed his C.O. But eventually, when his battery was in trouble, he went berserk and performed deeds of heroism.

THE battery was hidden artfully in nooks and crannies of the ruins of a straggling village street. Drivers stood or squatted by their horses' heads; the gunners sprawled among the brickdust, plaster, and the pitiful, eviscerated furniture of the humble dwellings.

Their entire world quivered with the staccato thunder of unwaning gunfire, and overhead shells fled with multifarious variety of whistling and tearing noises. Officers waited in a backyard crammed with horses.

"You know the racket?" drawled Savill, the major. "If they make Chaullines village, we go to the ridge. What the devil we can do so close up, Lord only knows. We're sort of sporting gesture of the C.R.A.'s. If the old goof had to go up with us. . . ." His gesture was eloquent.

Durk, the battery captain, a bull-like ex-sergeant major, stolidly nodded. His big and brick-red face, radiating good humour, was grimly apprehensive.

tired, hungry and unutterably depressed. A small man, dumpy and incongruous in his lieutenant's uniform, with a little round stomach underneath his belt, and legs that were ludicrously short and thick. Behind his glasses under the steel helmet his pale eyes goggled roundly, imparting an expression of perpetual wonder.

The insatiable hunger of the war for men had snatched him from an architect's office and dropped him green and lonely into this battery, this lean grim fighting- implement of guns, gaunt horses, and war-worn, war-weary, and infinitely war-wise men.

John Billing, the battery's newest subaltern, stamped his numb, wet feet, and thought fixedly of home, trying to recall the warmth and sweetness of it. He was cold,

"Crrrump!" A mighty, reverberating detonation.

"'Strewth!" said Savill, carefully lighting a cheroot. "Nine inch. Looking for us. There was a 'plane over a bit ago." His eyes caught Billing's and he smiled.



Behind his glasses his pale eyes goggled roundly, imparting an expression of perpetual wonder.

BILLING'S gaze fell. He was cursed with self-consciousness. But soon he looked up at Savill covertly, and finding the major's gaze averted, studied him. He had conceived an admiration for the tall, grave fellow. He was thrilled by Savill's charm and adequacy. He had always dreamed of being such a man—a rider of fierce horses, a splendid soldier, whom the men adored.

Not that Billing, himself, was inefficient. The qualities that had made him valuable to his firm had enabled him to master the technique of gunnery, and the battery's equipment was an open book to Billing.

There was a swirl among the crowded horses, as a bombardier came elbowing through, followed by a wild-eyed infantryman plastered with clay from head to foot. He had a rifle with fixed bayonet slung from his shoulder, his helmet was missing and his hair stained yellow on one side by chemical. He eyed the group of officers inquiringly. "O.C. Close artillery support, sir."

"Right you are," said Savill. "How are things in front?"

"Dirty, sir. Shellin' like 'Ell where I come through."

Savill read the note, licked his lips, squared his shoulders and glanced about him in a curious, wistfully affectionate sort of way.

"Well, here's our cue." His eyes lingered on the brown and black and bay of the patient teams around him, with the men chatting among them. Then he shoved back his tin hat and buttoned his coat. "Hook in the mount! Pass it down when you're ready, Durk."

"Hook in. Get mounted," the cry went up, and the drivers echoed it on all sides, as if relieved at some diversion. As the five officers dispersed, Billing squeezed through the snarl of men and teams and clambered with some difficulty into his saddle.

"All aboard for Epsom," cracked the inevitable wag. "Put them champagne an' lobsters in the boot, 'Orace!"

Team by team they hooked in; drivers mounted. Sheay, the sergeant-major, was everywhere at once. "All mounted!" the cry came from the rear. "Pass it down."

Savill rose in his stirrups on the bucking dun, looking back over his battery. With a roar like an express train, the nine inch tore past. Its "*Plop-Crrrash!*" well over.

"Walk march!" called Savill, and with desperate plunging, under whip and spur, the horses fought to get the mired guns started. Drivers swore and urged, gunners heaved at the wheels, and one by one they wallowed through the potholes to the road. Savill led toward the main highway, along which they had advanced that night. Billing, whose section was the leading one, rode beside him.

A GLORIOUS September morning, with Aveils of purple mist thinning before the level rays that poured from the horizon. A crystal sky, turquoise and cloudless. The air was crisp and chill, a smart breeze blowing. But there the beauty ceased, for the air was soured with the stale effluvia of a much-used battleground.

The road ran straight as a rapier, and every foot of it on either side was banked with debris from previous advances and retirements, piled by the wrecking derricks; wagons and limbers, lorries and guns, dead mules and horses, a dolorous, stinking avenue. On either side, the brown earth spread, churned by shell fire till remained no vestige of its verdure.

So utterly obsessed was Billing by a sense of unreality, that he saw all this without emotion. Soon, now, he felt, he would awaken from his after-dinner doze by his own fireside, with his paper on his knee. He would rub his eyes, yawn and slip upstairs, as he always did at the children's bedtime. As his eyes came level with the landing, the first thing they would see would be his wife's neat ankles and her skirt, under the curve of the wash-basin, as she sat with the squirming Bobby on her lap, drying him after his bath.

They crossed the valley and climbed the ridge to what had been till dawn the front line trench. Here they were halted by pioneers finishing a bridge of poles and

trestles. But something made Billing look round and down—and his heart plunged, stuck in his throat and stayed there, almost choking him. Sweat started on his body.

The shattered trench was crammed with wounded. Men with big, bloody bandages, who groaned, men with no bandages at all and great stains on their khaki, ghastly of face they sprawled among the raw clay and the splintered duckboards.

Then, at a sign from the pioneers, Savill forced his horse on to the bridge, and in desperation Billing rammed home his spurs, so that his outraged horse lunged forward, cannoning into Savill's. Billing, an appallingly bad rider, was unseated, but managed to claw his way back to the saddle, under Savill's quiet, measuring eye, and sat there, wet with cold sweat and nauseated.

THEY topped the rise, the rise over which the infantry had charged. Over it grimed and blood-stained men came, agonisingly. The farther slope was thick with dead, enemy and friend, among whom stretcher bearers sought for living. Prisoners were coming up the road. Then the nine-inch roared across again, but instead of passing overhead, the sound descended on them in a devilish crescendo. "*Plosh,*" a curious, smooth sound beside the road, which vibrated as though made of rubber.

The detonation was appalling, not ten yards from Billing and abreast of the second team. Billing grabbed at his horse's neck to keep from falling as the beast reared wildly. Mad-eyed teams recoiled and shied, sparks flying from their hoofs. A wheel-driver clutched his abdomen and squealed "*Oooooo!*" His agony rose in an eldritch wail to be clipped abruptly as he pitched into the mud. A lead horse, was down. The battery stopped. Billing saw Savill forcing the lathered dun back to the road, with hand and spur. The major stood up in his stirrups.

"Pull that man clear of the wheels! Cut out that horse! Gunner Mills, take the wheeler! Come on, now!"

Billing stared glassily, his jaw slack. They couldn't be going to leave the fellow there, quivering in the mud by the roadside!

"Come on, now!" Savill was yelling. "Hurry!"

They were putting in a spare horse. A man swung up. "Walk march!" Savill called. The battery moved again, Billing's horse swung round and into place by Savill's. Savill said, "Your horse is hit."

Billing stared, "What?"

"In the nose there," Billing pulled up and made to get off. "No, keep going, Billing," Savill said. His voice was gentle and persuasive, as though explaining something to a backward child. "Don't you see we

can't stop. We've to get into action on the ridge at once and at all cost."

Billing leaned down and sideways to look; blood was running in a thin stream from his horse's lips. His senses swept from numbness to quivering revulsion. This was inhuman, fiendish, not to be endured. The debonair Savill was a ghoulish automaton. He must get out of this; out, away, anyhow, anywhere.

Then the shell screamed down again, hitting the stone road behind them, squarely in the middle of the battery. After the awesome hush that always follows such a happening, there came the patter of falling fragments, through which rose hoarsely Savill's voice. "Keep going in front, Keep going." Savill pulled up to the roadside to let them pass. Billing's horse



Then Moore rose, with a bloody head, and Billing wanted to get

followed voluntarily; his rider's palsied hands were impotent on the reins.

THREE guns and their wagons passed, no more. Savill spurred back. The fourth gun, shattered, was up-ended by a gaping hole, in a kicking screaming shambles of six horses and five men. Young Lister, bare-headed, was on his knees, trying to pull the driver from beneath a writhing horse. Savill was off now, pistol in hand.

"Crack!" he shot the horse, then another and another. One fought so wildly it took several shots to find the brain. He shoved his empty weapon in the holster and called up to Billing, "Revolver, Billing."

Billing gaped, then started, reaching to his brand new holster for his pistol. Savill shoved it to the head of a feebly kicking horse. "Click." He pulled again. "Click." Billing had never thought to load it.

Savill stood up, shouting his orders. Gunners came running, cleared the five dead men from the mess. Watching and directing, Savill made to put Billing's pistol into his holster, found one there and remembered. He looked round and saw Billing, still staring, on his horse.

"This thing's yours," he said. The ice in his voice and disgust in his gaze struck into the heart of Billing like a stab. "You should be with your section, Billing."

Billing gulped. "Uhh," he said. "I—" he was stuffing his pistol into the holster when the awful, descending roar of the shell came. "*Plop—Craaash!*" Off the road this time, fifty yards over them.

The state of Billing's mind was past all description—tortured, chaotic. Only the poor fact that he had bolted in the direction

him. "Rotten, isn't it, at first. But you get used to it after a bit." And he smiled; a warm, grave, friendly smile.

Billing's tense nerves slackened. He nodded dumbly, his red lips shaking. His relief that Savill had not lashed at him was an exquisite sensation. But over it the fear persisted; the cold, cold fear, and an abysmal ache to get away from that Gehenna. He sat hunched clumsily on his patient horse, his eyes on its withers, striving to concentrate his thoughts on something, anything. He shook and nauseated by turns.

This was war. This was why he was here, why Savill and his grim command pushed on so doggedly through agonies and death—to stand between their homes and such as this. Nothing but their presence was

between the two. With the thought came the realisation of the truth about himself, the last shame of that ghastly morning.

Though down the ages it had been the lot of men to bear the sword in guardianship of the joys their homes held for them, he, John Billing, had no instinct so to do. Knowing the truth of what war meant, he had no instinct but to get away out of it, to run from all he had seen that day. Just to be free of those red horrors, those swift agonies he had witnessed, would be enough for him.

Savill rose in his stirrups. "Battery. Ter-r-ot!" They swept from the danger zone of the cross-roads into the open country at a spanking trot. Billing rode by his senior mechanically. His body seemed numb, completely disassociated from his brain. His brain was quivering and lacerated by fear and shame; and through it all some third part of him tolled "Coward!" "Coward!"

THE battery had got into action without help from

Billing. With his trumpeter and staff, Savill had galloped ahead, to establish observation of the enemy. Durk had led the battery off the road, past a German field battery that had not escaped.

The position was on the enemy side of Chaulines ridge. Before it the ground sloped gently down, and up again to a crest some seven hundred yards away.

After one desperate glance about him, Billing had fixed his gaze on the distant skyline. Through all his previous revulsions, he was utterly appalled at realising what he was among his comrades. The will to fight was not in him, but he would have given his hope of heaven to have had it. Even at that moment, ashamed, self-pitying and self-despising, fully alive to the significance of all of it, his ruling passion was to get away at any cost out of the beastliness.

BEHIND him, Moore and young Lister stood chatting by the signallers, who squatted at the telephone that led to Savill on the ridge in front.

It was incredible to Billing that men who had passed through the last hour should be so nonchalant. Then the telephone rang. The signaller spoke to Moore.

"Battery-y-y!" Moore called. "Number One, nine degrees left. Angle of sight, four. Fuse eight. Two thousand three hundred!" "Number one, ready," yelled the sergeant, "Fire."

Each report savagely hurt Billing's head, and each time he flinched.

Eagerly the crews swarmed round the gleaming breeches. The battery was convulsed by staccato thunder. Report after report struck into Billing's brain, so fast that he could not flinch.

Everyone was busy except Billing, and there seemed nothing for him to do. Nobody missed him. His sergeants moved at Moore's orders without waiting for him to repeat them. But Billing could see nothing to do. He stood, a little to the rear, between his guns, and prayed for some kind of deliverance from all of it.

Billing failed to observe that the range at which they fired was steadily decreasing. They had started at two thousand. It was fourteen hundred now, and coming down.

"*Crrrash!*" A mighty spout, not fifteen yards from Number Five gun. Billing ducked. The rest ignored it, serving the guns obliviously.

"*Crrrash!*" Billing fell flat on his face as with a cataclysmic roar the battery went out in hurled brown earth. Followed that uncanny silence, with the patter of falling debris. Then "*Crack, crack!*" One and Two fired together. Five fired again.

IT did not occur to Billing to get up. There was a delectable sensation of security; almost, even in all the terror, of repose, in pressing close to the cool hard earth.

"*Crrrash!*" Again the savage belch of earth amongst them.

When the air cleared, Lister and the whole crew of Three lay quiet, covered by strewn soil. The gun shield was blown off, the trail bent, and white gashes showed thick on the oak wheels.

Billing lay pressing himself hard upon the ground with his hands grabbing the back of his head, as though they could save it from the fragments. He was long past feeling, and the idea that it was all a nightmare had returned to him.

At last, suddenly, the uproar and the chaos ceased. In its place, silence lay on the battery, ominous, terrible.

By and by Billing looked up.

THE entire position was smothered with fresh dirt flung from the huge craters all about it. Most of the gunners lay quite still around the pieces which were scarred and battered by the flying fragments. Then Moore rose, with a bloody head, and limped across to the nearest gun. Here and there a man got up. A corporal lying beside Number One heaved to his feet.

The devil's luck was with that Saxon howitzer commander. His first salvo dropped clean into the horses. He kept on shooting. The scene was ghastly, indescribable, best not envisioned.

Then it stopped abruptly. Utter silence followed. Savill stood up close to Billing. Billing got up, too. It was as though the will of Savill worked Billing's legs. Billing wondered. But his eyes fell on the ridge toward the enemy, where a handful of weary infantry had appeared, and he



limped across to the nearest gun. . . .
up and go to them.

of the leading guns saved him from shame irretrievable.

"*Clop, clop,*" his hurt horse plodded beside Savill's. He could not look at Savill; he knew he had failed. The truth had been in Savill's voice and in his eyes when he gave back the pistol. The thought that by his inefficiency two horses had endured pain longer than they must was a goad in his heart. He writhed at the anticipation of further punishment at Savill's hands.

"D'you load that gun yet?" Savill said, evenly.

"No—I—"

"Better. You'll need it. No ammunition, is it? Here . . ." He felt in his pocket and passed Billing a handful of ammunition. His voice was still even but his eyes were reproachful. Billing squirmed.

Then Savill turned in his saddle to face

galvanised into furious action. Durk came up wounded. He grabbed his shoulder. "Back there, Durk, and get what's left of the drivers!"

BILLING gaped, saw Savill's tall figure run to Number One gun, gathering three gunners as he went. They fell on the piece and began to drag her close to Number Two. Mechanically Billing went across to Three. Durk, wounded, arrived with half a dozen drivers, and they manhandled the gun among the shell holes and the corpses till she pleased Savill. Billing shoved with them, mostly in the wrong place.

Suddenly Durk fell face downward on the ground. Three drivers dropped together. Billing received a terrific blow in the left shoulder that spun him round and hurled him down. Mysteriously, the activity about the shattered battery ceased in an instant.

Billing's shoulder throbbed devilishly. His sensations were those of indignation, curiosity, and uncannily detached interest. Blood ran from his sleeve. He stared at it, wide eyed. Then he saw that Savill lay beside him, livid, even then looking immaculate on the raw earth spread by the shells.

By and by Savill's eyes opened. He moved, drew up a knee, rolled over and clawed up on one elbow. His eyebrows climbed when he saw Billing sitting there, pop-eyed and bloodstained, looking at him. Billing's eyes fell in shame at the consciousness of how he had betrayed this man. Savill, he was sure, knew the truth about him. Savill scorned and despised him, a weakling, a coward.

"Lo, Billing," he said warmly. "Stout feller!" Blood rushed in a warm flood to Billing's heart, ravishing it.

Then his eyes found Billing's. Billing saw deep, deep into them, till he lost himself there among dumb pain, pleading, an aeon of human sorrows drowned in a great, blind love. . . . A wave of tenderness swept over him, more poignant than which he had never known for wife or child. This man trusted him, believed in him, smiled on him—loved him, when he himself was drowned in shame.

SUDDENLY Billing was aware of a new sound, a steady hammering, "Toc toc toc," measured and ruthless. He looked about him curiously. Then he saw it, four hundred yards away, manned by grey men in grotesque helmets. Fire spat from the muzzle of the enemy machine-guns that had crept up under cover of a fold in the valley.

"Toc toc toc." Seeing the enemy, authors of all his pains, about their grim business, something inside Billing broke. A burden left him. All the fears of that day, all the shame and self-pity, all the loneliness, every emotion that had swirled through his hurt brain, focussed into white-hot fury, when it at last had something against which it could take action. The shell-fire, the battery in action, the whole day's fighting, had been beyond him, inviolate, too huge, impersonal and inexorable. But these! These were men: firers of shells, slayers of Savill!

BILLING was filled with a tremendous relief, a sensation ecstatic in its profundity. His pain forgotten, he rolled over, crawling swiftly but cunningly under cover of piled earth and bodies toward the three dumb guns. He was smiling, and his round eyes glowed. Now he was between the guns, now at the trail of the middle one, never taking his eyes from the knot of dark grey figures from which the tiny fire-jet spurted. Now he was in the saddle, his eye on the sights.



The German major knelt and took the binoculars from Savill's belt. Billing snarled, snatched up the tool and ran.

"Crack!" As his seat plunged with the recoil, he saw a whole man hurtle through the air, and the remnant of the infantry behind raised a little cheer. He peered through the telescope sight. The machine gun had disappeared.

Someone behind said softly, "Oho, Billing, ol' bean. . . ." Moore was there, crawling, bloody and pitiful, but with that wild glint of the fighting Celt afire still in his eyes. "Scrag 'em," he said, grinning, collapsed by the breech, and flopped around like a fish in a boat till he contrived to open it and worry in a shell. His face changed and he pointed forward. Billing looked—and went berserk.

Bullets whanged, zipped and clanged around him, ricocheting off the guns. Billing slipped from his seat and wormed cunningly to the gun pointing that way. He peered under the piece. "Ah, there it was"—the spit of orange flame.

The gun was loaded. He crawled into the saddle, laid lovingly and fired. "Crack!" At six hundred yards an eighteen pounder does not miss. Men were up again in front, running.

From the right now came machine-gun fire. Billing clambered to the third gun and with the first shot wrecked it.

Time after time they tried to rush him,

but he had lost all sense of fear. His nerves were icy and he had the devil's own luck.

But at last his world went out in flame and a searing shock. John Billing dangled from the seat of Number One gun, and Savill's battery at last was still.

HIS first consciousness was of a salt taste in his mouth. He moved, and slid from the seat to the ground. The pain of the impact cleared his brain and opened his eyes.

Grey-clad figures were labouring among the guns, among Savill's guns, swinging them round to face his own lines. A tall officer with yellow bristles on a clean hard jaw was standing over Savill's body. He turned it over with his foot, so that the friendly face rolled into view.

Billing felt himself get smoothly to his feet. There was no pain. Only ecstasy and a sense of movement. A German entrenching tool was at his foot, a neat little, sharp-edged shovel with a two-foot handle.

The German major knelt and took the binoculars from Savill's belt. Billing snarled, snatched up the tool and sprang. The edge of the shovel caught the startled officer in the neck, killing him instantly. Billing collapsed, and was dead before the bayonet plunged into his breast.

Politics and National Affairs



Unemployed marchers from the North en route for London, whither they came to hold demonstrations.

Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

TO write about the problem of unemployment is not a very easy or exhilarating exercise at the present time, for there is not much in the position which would promote optimism; still, as public men, we have to face the situation and endeavour to see a way through it.

LIVERPOOL'S PATHETIC FLIGHT.

ACCORDING to official figures, Liverpool (in which we will include Bootle) shows the second highest figure in volume of unemployment in the Kingdom—e.g., Men, 44,581; Women, 6,654; Juveniles (i.e., persons under 18 years of age), 3,312.

Another striking fact is that there is a ratio of 549 per 10,000 of our estimated population in receipt of Poor Law Relief.

It must not be supposed that these are figures expressing a passing phase, for, with slight variation, they have been a feature of our condition during the past seven years.

To what can we attribute this distressing state of affairs?

One important factor is that Liverpool is not a great manufacturing centre. We are dependent largely upon the state of the trade and industries carried on in the country generally, and particularly in the North of England. There is hardly a staple manufacturing industry in Liverpool which influences employment. Being a shipping centre Liverpool is particularly interested in the import and export trade of the country, and that is the barometer of Liverpool's prosperity—of the rise and fall. As, too, we are a shipping centre, much employment is of necessity "casual," and although the question of "casual" work is being dealt with in as practical a manner as possible by our shipowners and others, it will always be more or less a problem in places like this port.

Such manufacturing industries as we have are not capable of immediate expansion which would make a call for a larger number of operatives. Another factor which affects juvenile employment is the depression which exists in the shipping industry, where we find considerable tonnage laid up, and which in consequence prevents the absorption of juveniles who have left school and are waiting to be apprenticed.

There is, too, a strong disinclination against emigration and the enticement of the dole and the consequent inertia which it

Liverpool shows the second highest unemployment figure in Great Britain, and the Lord Mayor points out how shortage of employment must always be a problem for the port. He suggests, however, that some improvement would be apparent if factories were erected on Merseyside.

produces tells against a desire to seek work in other countries, though it is true that a city like Liverpool, which is not dependent entirely upon staple industries as are coal, cotton, iron and steel, is less subject to scenes of serious depression because there are outlets for employment of a temporary kind.

MORE FACTORIES WANTED.

HE is a wise man who would be able to prophesy what is going to happen in this matter and suggestions for remedying

A general improvement in the trade of the country would have an immediate effect upon sea-ports like Liverpool. With a great increase in electrical development it may now be possible to erect factories and create industries in towns as against the former custom of planting them near coalfields. Electricity can now be carried to, or generated by, any locality, a fact which may have a very important effect in this connection.

In my view the problem of juvenile unemployment should be seriously taken in hand along with the question of emigration. Whilst the dole must of necessity be given under present conditions to a certain number of men and those particularly with families, is it not time that some sort of compulsory scheme should be put into force with regard to the number of unemployed young people. Should they not have it pressed more closely upon them that one of the few alternatives left for them is to emigrate and thus relieve the pressure at home?

CLOSER INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION.

IT has been said that the foundation of new industries in the South of England, and particularly for the production of luxuries, is due to the fact that Trade Unionism is not as lively a factor there as in the North, but there seems some question whether this is true.

One course which would tend to relieve unemployment would seem to be a closer and more sympathetic co-operation between

employers of labour and Trade Unionism—a common pulling together for the general good—a sinking of immaterial differences and small points, with a view to a permanent progress for the good of the country in general.

In my opinion there are distinct signs of such a desire on the part of many leaders on both sides, and the sooner such coming together and elimination of minor matters of detail in favour of broad principles is effected, the better for the whole country.



There are over 50,000 unemployed in Liverpool, a group of whom is seen above.

unemployment may come glibly from the tongue without being of great practical value. I would, however, put forward the suggestion that the volume of unemployment in this city and district might be reduced if more factories could be established on Merseyside. Formerly the establishment of factories in areas was carried out to escape high rates operative in towns. The derating scheme may have some effect upon this, but this cannot be felt for some considerable time.

A MAN'S OUTLOOK

A New Weekly Feature, being Random Thoughts on Current Affairs

By Crawford Price



NOW that Winston has made a fighting speech and the Liberals have offered prizes for the invention of political catchwords, we find ourselves on the threshold of the great Electoral Struggle of 1929. I cannot imagine that any save the most rabid partisans are intrigued by the prospect. All three protagonists rant much about the shortcomings of their opponents, but have desperately little to suggest in the way of practical remedies for the ills which infest our industrial existence. Even Mr. Churchill, bonny fighter as he is, can think of nothing more inspiring than the resurrection of the Bolshevik bogey, while the speeches of other Conservative leaders consist for the most part of pæans of self-adoration uttered to the tune of outworn platitudes.

THE truth is, of course, that the political parties have nothing much to offer. They remind one of racecourse tipsters, glib and garrulous, who promise a change of fortune and sell us empty envelopes. In four long years the Government have done little to solve the industrial problem other than to produce their derating measure—at best a palliative—and they seem still undecided as to the benefits or otherwise of Safeguarding.

And as for the Liberal and Socialist programmes, who would be so bold as to deny that their vaunted remedies might not actually increase our disabilities? Thus bereft of bold, practical ideas, our politicians mount platforms planked with shibboleths and threaten us with an orgy of vote-snatching. They appear to be more concerned with the increasing roll of electors than with the increasing volume of unemployment.

IF we are not careful, the forthcoming Election will be fought and won on slogans and sophistries. The lesson of America has not been lost upon our political managers. They have obviously set out to "rationalise" their industry, cultivate the art of salesmanship and exploit to the full the sweet uses of advertisement. Never before have such glittering prizes been offered for political enthusiasm and allegiance.

Take, for example, the Liberals. Not content with having at their head the greatest exponent of political metaphor and political slang of the age, they promise us £250 for posters exemplifying some aspect of Liberal policy; another £250 for draft advertisements; a third £250 for pictorial posters, and a fourth £250 for slogans.

So what matters whether the party holds or loses the balance of power? We can all partake in the game, possibly to financial profit; crossword puzzles and football coupons may be cast ruthlessly aside; what is picturesquely called the "Wastepaper Press" must look to its laurels.

OR, take again, the Conservatives. True, they only offer consolation prizes, so to speak, but if you rope in one recruit for the Junior Imperial League you will receive a nice (duplicated) letter from the Prime Minister and a button bearing his photograph. While if you succeed in recruiting ten members, your reward will be nothing less than a photograph of the Prime Minister, embellished with his facsimile signature. And, finally, the Socialists. No need for them to resort to such banal methods of propaganda. To all and sundry they offer the customary new heaven and new earth, to be supplied, as it were, free, gratis and for nothing by raiding the slender resources of an already over-burdened industry.

WHAT it all amounts to is the subtle bribery of the Electorate. The same old game, played a little faster and more furiously on this occasion because several million innocent victims are

having the vote thrust upon them for the first time. And yet, methinks, the politicians mistake the temper of the populace. More earnestly than ever before do the people look for bold and resolute leadership. They seek government by practical men who are prepared to get down to business, take the country in hand as a going concern and make a success of it. Given this promise and reasonable prospect of fulfilment, they will rally round any party, irrespective of its political colour, its slogans and its buttons.

LIKE most of my sex, I am greatly intrigued about the destination of the flapper vote. It is not, of course, that I think flappers (as distinct from women with a stake in the land) ought to have votes. As a wage-earner, head of a family and income tax payer—thus destined, apparently, to be the favourite milch cow of every Chancellor of the Exchequer—I revolt against the idea that millions of irresponsible wenches, with little thought beyond a box of chocolates, a boy friend and the back seat at a cinema, are to be granted as large a voice as I possess (and pay for) in the Government of the country.

IT will, nevertheless, be vastly entertaining to see on whom the flappers bestow their suffrage and what motive governs their choice. Obviously—for this development is an example of political mongering at its worst—Mr. Baldwin imagines that most of them were born little Conservatives and will vote true to type.

On the other hand, the Socialists believe that they have received a veritable gift from the Gods, and if you forget Mayfair and think of the hundreds of thousands of befrocked toilers in our industrial centres, it seems probable that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will get the better of the bargain. That is, of course, in so far as our young friends condescend to interest themselves in the matter at all. Now, if all our candidates were Ronald Colmans or Adolphe Menjous—but they most decidedly are not.

IHAVE the greatest respect for the League of Nations, but it is a cumbersome, disjointed piece of machinery which has yet to prove its value in a real world crisis. For the next century or so peace, if it is to be maintained, will have to be enforced, and the most practical way to enforce it will be for Britain and America, standing together, to decline to aid belligerents with either money, munitions or materials until they have fulfilled their obligations under the League Covenant and for the Kellogg Pact.

WE put forward this suggestion (we believe for the first time) in the skeleton numbers of BRITANNIA issued last summer. Senator Capper has now proposed that should a signatory to the Kellogg Pact be deemed by the President of the U.S.A. to have attacked a co-signatory, it should be prohibited from receiving arms and munitions from America.

That is a half-way house, and I pray that the members of the Senate, in accordance with their peaceful protestations, may accept the proposal. But it is not, in itself, sufficient. The situation calls for joint Anglo-American action, and it is small matter whether it trespasses on the League Covenant and the Locarno Treaty or not. The one agreement would effectively prevent war; the efficacy of the other two combined is at least problematical.



Miners as carpenters. Under the direction of the Rev. R. J. Barker of Rhondda's "Community House of Social Service" many unemployed miners have found new work which helps them to overcome the demoralising influences of unemployment. In this photograph the Rev. R. J. Barker is seen superintending miners at work on a church reading desk.



A WOMAN'S VIEW

A New Weekly Feature, in which a Woman Looks at the World

By Rosita Forbes

AMONG the present generation of our compatriots, I wonder if there exists a specialised feminine point of view as opposed to, or differentiated from, that of the man? In the U.S.A., of course, there is a very definite consensus of opinion fostered in the women's clubs which are a nucleus for political and educational life. The average American woman of that great middle-class which is only a temporary stage on the industrial ladder, is a business widow in the week and a golf-widow on Sundays. Therefore, she is forced to depend on her own sex for the growth of her convictions and the formation of hardy, tenacious opinions. The result is a united feminist point of view sufficient to sway a presidential election, or alter the course of state legislation.

The same applies to the East, where the harem women, deprived of masculine companionship and ideas, represent a weight of traditional opinion so strong that Oriental Governments are forced to take it into account. Ignored in the too hasty reforms of Amanullah, it contributed to his down fall and to the banishment of the unveiled Queen Souriya who, according to feminine Afghanistan, betrayed her sex by lowering the repute in which it was held.

BUT here in England we mix so freely with men that the masculine point of view impinges on the feminine. We do not vote as women, but as individuals or as members of a particular party. The voice of 1929 is bisexual, because the girls are interested in the same things as the boys.

A few days ago I listened to a debate at the London School of Economics, and I noticed that the students of both sexes spoke with equal vigour and authority. The men were nicest in grammar and a diction worthy of Macaulay, but the girls had more sense of humour. The discussion eventually strayed to the merits of polygamy; upon which a budding Juvenal announced that "the subject was but a digression from the value of marriage as a whole," and, though I noticed the single syllable "not" forming on the lips of a determined-looking maiden in the front row, the whole room entered into an argument as spirited as it was sexless.

AMONG the eight women candidates for imminent parliamentary election, Miss Jenny Lee, daughter of a Lochgelly miner, must surely be the youngest. Twenty-four and a teacher, she is to have the support of the North Lanarkshire bookmakers. Could our delightfully illogical age go further, unless the principals of gambling be included in the official elementary curriculum? Since Eve played the serpent for an apple, woman has always been a gambler, if only with life, fashion and the domestic accounts!

I used to travel with a delightful blonde who, when authority, military and civil, denied her the possibility of access to some guarded citadel, would reply: "Really. How shattering! When shall we start?"

ACCORDING to Raisuli, brigand, prophet, and wisest of African philosophers, "the world is as wide as our imagination," and a woman's is unbounded!

She can transform the kitchen chair into the winged Pegasus of her dreams and, astride such a magic steed, career across horizons which would daunt the most heroic male. Consequently, of course, she is a bad gambler. Her imagination

runs away with her and she is convinced nothing could be easier than to bridge the hiatus in the family budget with a flutter on the Stock Exchange. In Middle-Western trains, there is a notice—"If strangers invite you to play cards with them, you will find they play too well for you." The same cynicism might well apply to the average gambling tip. Only a persistent pessimist is likely to do any good in the modern market.

THE twenty-year old daughter of a Spanish grandee has become an engine driver, and an ecclesiastical authority has admitted that the "absolute indissolubility" of marriage cannot always be rigorously enforced. I don't know which is the most remarkable in view of the neolithic seclusion of high-born Castilian maidens, whose duennas stick closer than leeches and whose shoes are habitually removed if the wearers show any signs of rebellion!

In 1920 Lord Buckmaster introduced a bill advocating five additional grounds for divorce—three years' wilful desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness and a life sentence of imprisonment. Nine years later, Dean Inge, differentiating between civil and religious weddings, foreshadows the logical view that marriage was made for man and not man for marriage. As usual the Church follows where it might have led.

THERE would appear to be only two consistent interpretations of the matrimonial state. Either it is a sacrament and, as such, indissoluble for any cause whatsoever, or it is a contract terminable like any other agreement by the mutual consent of the parties concerned. The burden of unhappy marriages falls heaviest on women because, even in this age of presumed equality, they have fewer resources outside their homes and they are more closely shackled by parenthood.

The Church of Rome still juggles with the theory of indissolubility, granting dispensations on the ground of nullity when it can be proved that a girl has been forced into marriage against her will. Consequently, the Hungarian mother lightly slaps her daughter's face on the way to the altar, in order that, should she so wish it later on, she may be able to claim divorce.

In England, a single act of infidelity gives woman the power of divorce on the same grounds as man, a boomerang which is apt to recoil on her own impetuous head; but her home may be destroyed and her children degraded by the habitual drunkard

without her having any resource but that of perpetual loneliness. If marriage is primarily an insurance for the protection of children, it would be as well for united feminine opinion to make use of the vote obtained at so much expense by the efforts of a pioneer generation, in order to enforce a logical readjustment of the Matrimonial Causes Act.

EXISTING authority is easily satisfied—a disastrous and indigestible state, far more dangerous than influenza because it is chronic. Comment is all very well, but it ought to be the match set to a fuse instead of the lid on a safety valve.

In forty-five years, the whole population of England changes. What is our generation getting out of life? Are we making the most of our opportunities? Commerce, of course, is ahead of politics, science and the arts, because commerce pays the bills and that is the determining factor to-day. But even commerce is cramped by an infectious self-satisfaction.

AMERICA has a slogan: "We make friends of our customers and customers of our friends," and, in support of it, everything new gets a chance. The greatest business giant is as accessible as the office boy.



A woman's home in the desert. Mrs. Clare Sheridan, sculptor and author, lives on the edge of the Sahara with her daughter (seen on horseback). Mrs. Sheridan's out of the world home was built under her supervision and she also did most of the decorating herself.

The FREEDOM of the SEAS

For what purpose is America adding fifteen new 10,000 ton cruisers to her Navy? This increase has already aroused suspicion. While acquitting America of any dangerous intentions, the author of this authoritative article points out some of the difficulties that may arise between America and ourselves if any race in armaments is encouraged.

Wanted—A hundred years Peace with America

By Rear-Admiral Murray F. Sueter,
C.B., R.N., M.P.

ALL students of naval history know that the vexed question of blockade, the Freedom of the Seas, particularly as between this nation and the United States, has been responsible for friction between our two great countries from the time the United States attained independent sovereignty to the present day.

There is no doubt that very strained relations existed in 1914-16 over Britain's action with regard to the sea rights of neutrals in the Great War.

The Americans have always demanded complete freedom for neutral trade, whereas Britain has, with few exceptions, claimed the right to capture all enemy's property at sea and in any vessel it may be found. In olden days she always seized enemy's merchandise whether carried in enemy or neutral ship.

TWO NAVAL POLICIES.

THIS divergence between the British and American point of view on Sea Law makes the solution of the problem difficult. On both sides of the Atlantic there are statesmen who would welcome a settlement of this long outstanding cause of friction, but those on this side are mindful of the wonderful effort of the Liberal Party at Westminster in producing the Declaration of London, which was more helpful to our commerce as a neutral than when, as in the late war, we were a belligerent seeking to capture our

enemy's commerce wherever it might appear on the high seas.

Let us first examine the naval policies of our two countries.

The main purpose of the British Fleet was clearly defined in an admirable Admiralty Memorandum issued in 1910 in which it stated:—

"The really serious danger that this country has to guard against in War is not invasion, but interruption of Trade and destruction of our Mercantile Marine. The strength of our Fleet is determined by what is necessary to protect our Trade."

Whereas quite recently the Naval Board of the United States has issued a statement of policy in which it lays down that:—

"The fundamental Naval policy of the United States is that its Navy shall be maintained in sufficient strength to support United States policies and commerce and to guard its Continental and overseas possessions."

Then Mr. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated in Command Paper No. 2964:—

"No one could have put the case more clearly than did Mr. French, Chairman of the House of Naval Committee, in presenting the Naval Estimates in the American House of Representatives on January 4th, 1928:—

"Stop the laws of the sea to the ships of Great Britain and suffering would be brought to the people of the British Isles within a period of weeks. . . . Turn to the United States. Our country could be cut off from

the rest of the world and there would be food for our people; there would be fuel oil for our use; there would be materials of all kinds for our service. The lanes of the seas might be closed to us for weeks or for years. Should the necessity arise the United States within her own Territory could sustain her people without suffering and could produce the material to meet whatever emergency naval necessities might require."



Rear-Admiral Sueter, M.P., naval and air expert, created the Royal Naval Air Service.

OUR VITAL NEED.

AS this statement shows, the people of the United States are practically free from any dependence upon ocean-borne food and other necessary commodities. Their condition is totally unlike that of this island nation. It has been aptly said of us. "We must keep 'the bread line open,'" whereas the chief commodities imported by the United States are tin and india-rubber. At the present time they have some coastal and ocean commerce to protect, but nothing to compare with what we have to undertake for our very existence. In addition to feeding our people we have vast world responsibilities, whereas the United States' world responsibility is large but not so great as ours.

Consequently the Americans can concentrate all their efforts upon a war fleet, whereas, in addition, we have to develop a special type of cruiser or cruisers for the protection of our commerce, and gunboats for special service in different parts of the world. Most people will agree that we have disarmed to the limits of national safety in all three branches of our fighting services. This is what the Covenant of the League of Nations enjoins us to do, and we have faithfully carried out our obligations to that body.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

ALL thinking people were grateful to the President of the United States for convening the Washington Conference, which resulted in the chief naval nations being limited to a definite ratio in battleships.

That treaty is binding until 1931, and until then no more battleships (now reduced to a merely potential value by the development of torpedo attack) can be built. But a battleship costs nearly half a million yearly to maintain in commission, so there is much in favour of its complete abolition by agreement.

THE CRUISER BILL.

ON February 5th of this year the Senate of the United States adopted their Cruiser Bill by 68 votes to 12. That means



England's Might. Ships which help to keep our "bread line" open lying in Moray Firth. H.M.S. "Benbow," H.M.S. "Rodney," H.M.S. "Centurion," and H.M.S. "Nelson."

they will lay down fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers at the rate of five a year for three years. Such action, following immediately after the ratification of the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, causes many people throughout the world to question the sincerity of the United States, and they ask what are the United States building such a big navy for?

Some Americans claim that the United States overseas trade will in the next few years exceed that of Great Britain, and that American commercial interests will penetrate to every corner of the world. At the present time a very high percentage of their export trade is carried by foreign bottoms. This is resented by many, in the sense indicated by the Republican New York *Herald-Tribune* :—

"We are simply yielding to economic necessity in creating such a Navy. We are going to have a Treaty Navy whether we consciously wish it or not. These things are written in our stars, for the United States has become the outstanding insular and trading nation with a future more and more on the seas."

I do not agree with the opinion that America is insincere. In my judgment America's attitude in demanding a navy as big as that of any other nation is a question of pride. The United States realises her enormous importance in the world of to-day, and does not desire to be second fiddle to any other Power.

A QUESTION OF NAVAL PARITY.

IF the "stars" are correct, and in the near future America will be Britain's great competitor on the high seas, then there is all the more reason to settle our differences before they become acute.

What are these differences?

Our Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, in dealing with international naval disarmament, recently reminded us "that our foreign policy was based on parity between the naval forces of Britain and America," but admitted a failure to find agreement on an equation based on a mutual agreeable definition of parity.

What an admission of failure—a failure due simply to the fact that the statesmen of both countries are over-riden by their Admiralties, and those whom they inspire to beat the big naval drum on suitable occasions.

Statesmen should settle naval policy. Then let the admirals work out the details to give effect to that policy.

BY linking up to the Cruiser Bill a resolution in favour of an international conference with Britain for the discussion of the sea rights of neutrals in wartime, the Senate displayed much wisdom. In considering war problems of this nature one recalls, when going through a course of International Law at Greenwich Naval College, that the experts expressed this opinion :—

"It is only under the supreme necessities of war, when the gain or loss of belligerent States is wholly out of proportion to the loss inflicted upon neutral individuals, that other States can reasonably be asked to forgo their right of intercourse from the enemy."

From this reasoning the following propositions were derived and recognised by many nations :—(1) Every State when at war with another State has the right to capture the property of the enemy at sea; whatever the nature may be or in any vessel it is found. (2) To wage a war effectively all enemy property must be captured.

Against this view it may be recalled that one of the clauses of the Declaration of Paris laid down :—



The U.S.A. Navy is chiefly required for coastal service, and the question of America's minimum requirements as regards ships is a vexed one. Above are six U.S. destroyers alongside their mother ship, U.S.S. "Dobbin."

"The neutral flag covers the enemy's merchandise with the exception of contraband of war."

The Americans always refused to recognise this clause on the general ground that peaceful commerce was not exempted from interference. Although the British delegates subscribed to this clause in exchange for outlawry of privateering and other advantages, it was anathema to most British naval men for the following reasons :—

(a) Because it reduces the power of Britain of making war to a minimum.

(b) Britain, because of her greater naval power, would lose more by this restriction than a State of lesser maritime strength.

(c) An efficient blockade carried out with great thoroughness and trouble would have its efficiency destroyed.

(d) The commerce of a belligerent would need no provision for its protection, as it would sail under a neutral flag.

(e) The war would likely be of greater duration by giving the belligerent all necessary commodities (except munitions) for continuing hostilities.

(f) The neutral state would have a direct incentive to prolong the war, as profits by carrying commodities in war-time would be very considerable.

AN UNWISE DOCTRINE.

THE United States disagreed in 1914-16 from these well-known and often expressed views, and considerable friction in consequence existed between our two countries. Several of the American statesmen are now desirous of re-writing Maritime Law and are advocating that the United States would be quite right to ignore a blockade when other nations are belligerents and America is neutral. But this is an unwise doctrine to preach when one considers the very high state of efficiency of present day submarines and aircraft.

In the February (1928) number of *McColl's Magazine* Colonel House discusses this subject. He states that :—

"By the simple device of bringing agreement regarding the abolition of capture and search at sea the question of Naval disarmament almost solves itself."

And he adds :—

"The attitude of Great Britain is the main obstacle to its being brought about, as the other Powers would not object to Great Britain having as large a Navy as is necessary for protection from invasion, provided it

were not used to blockade enemy's ports or interfere with enemy or neutral commerce."

But Colonel House overlooked the fact that in the Civil War, war with Spain and the late war, the United States—then a belligerent—exercised to the full her rights of blockade, visit and search and seizure of contraband.

AMERICA'S INESCAPABLE DILEMMA.

SINCE then the United States has not thought fit to join the signatories of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and up till now remains aloof. Consequently, further difficulties arise, such as when a nation is instructed by the collective action of the League of Nations to blockade an aggressor State. In dealing with this subject an American authority, Professor Gerould, of Princeton University, writes :—

"If we (the United States) attempt to maintain our rights in a 'public' war, we shall either break the blockade laid down by the League, in which case we become the ally of the Power which has broken its agreement and which the League is attempting to discipline, or we shall be forced to make common cause with the League. The dilemma is inescapable."

A CENTURY PEACE PACT.

WHY not, then, draw up a bi-lateral treaty outlawing war between Britain and the United States and create a binding agreement to present every case of friction to arbitration? Both nations to unite if war was declared upon either by any other nation.

The two countries should also agree, when both neutral, not to supply any belligerent with munitions or commodities likely to prolong hostilities. Food alone might be made an exception. The United States would be asked to recognise a blockade imposed upon Britain by the authority of the League of Nations and to take no action whatsoever tending to make such blockade non-effective. No doubt Britain would support the United States in any blockade arising out of the Monroe Doctrine.

A treaty such as this could be made for 100 years, and brought up for revision every twenty years, and as a result all the technical questions which now occasion disagreement would be relegated to a lower plane and be viewed in correct perspective.

EDITORIALS

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THE INDIAN PRINCES.

THE popular idea of the Indian Prince is vague and melodramatic: a Raja with an aigrette of diamonds in his turban, sitting on a throne drinking a mixture of brandy and champagne, and popping wives and subjects into tanks full of crocodiles. Now the truth is otherwise. There are naturally wild sparks among them, as among the rest of us; but, generally speaking, they are good rulers and able men, popular with their people whom they govern after a manner that is liked and understood.

The common idea that the Indian States are "backward," in contrast to a British India which is "progressive," begs so many questions that we may call it a fallacy. The States are more remote, and usually, although by no means always, in the more hilly and arid regions, which is only natural, since John Company shrewdly stuck to the "low-lying land and low lying people" of the coast, the deltas and the valleys and left the more untractable uplands severely alone. But although more remote, less opulent and therefore less developed economically, these native states are self-respecting and in their own way well-governed, and we make a great mistake if we under-estimate the power of their rulers. At every crisis of our fate—in the great mutiny and in the great war—they have rallied to our side; but if their amity were turned to enmity we should discover their strength and regret their friendship, since they are the one people who really could lead a "national" movement in India. It is notorious that they have been courted (and threatened) for years by the agitators of the National Congress, yet they have repelled these advances with scorn and only the other day publicly and solemnly declared that they would have nothing to do with any settlement which did not honour the British connection.

Covering Our Nakedness.

THIS staunch loyalty is comforting (yet pathetic) in the circumstances. The Simon Commission has been perambulating India to a raucous and horrible accompaniment of threats, boycotts and riots. Lord Irwin has been tearfully imploring the agitators to behave themselves, if only long enough to enable the British Government to surrender with some show of dignity. It seems that we want, as in Ireland, to cover our nakedness with the fig-leaf of "Dominion Home Rule," which may mean anything or nothing as long as the agitator agrees to accept it. But the agitator grows ever more truculent as he sees us more inclined to flight. The Indian National Congress has solemnly resolved that unless we grant Home Rule within a given time, it will open a new campaign of "non-co-operation." In these circumstances it becomes more and more difficult to run away with dignity, and, perhaps, we may be forced out of very shame to make a stand, after all. If we did we could count on the staunch support not only of the Indian States but of the Mohammedans, and the Sikhs. As for the peasantry, it will be, as always, passive—indifferent to the "drums and trappings" of those who fight whether in politics or in arms for the mastery of India.

There is one thought which might restrain those British politicians who are stirring up India with that long stick called Democracy. If we ever did leave India as we left Ireland, the bill for injuries to person and property would be enormous. The Government are still paying on account of the Irish Loyalists: have they ever reckoned the number of the Indian Loyalists, particularly those Anglo-Indians (Eurasians they used to be called) who could never follow us out of India, and who would certainly be looted, raped and massacred if we left?

Moderation in Extremis.

WHAT is the explanation of the official infirmity on this and other questions? Why did a Conservative Government appoint a Liberal lawyer to settle its Indian policy for it? Perhaps one reason is that it is anxiously thinking of the Labour alternative, and wants to settle in advance some compromise which the Socialists will accept. No doubt it was with this intention that the Secretaryship of the Simon Commission was offered to the son of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Such solicitous attempts to guide the "moderate" Socialist in the way he should go are destined to fail; the Labour Party, if it gets into power, will follow its own policy in India, as elsewhere, and will only learn from its own blunders and the reactions of outraged reality. In the meantime, of course, the Socialists are playing up to these hopes of their moderation. How surprisingly moderate the Socialist can be when he thinks the eye of the "bourgeoisie" is upon him is suggested by the series of articles which recently appeared in the *Morning Post*. Why, by the way, were these hob-nailed boots allowed to tread upon that carpet of plush? We can only suppose that the invitation was inspired by the hope that the sentiments of these unfamiliar guests would frighten the public and so help the Conservative cause. And it was amusing to note how gingerly was the tread of these Socialist leaders; with what care they avoided the trap that was laid for them. In vain is the snare set in sight of the bird! Hardly a hint of Socialism or a breath of Confiscation! Only Mr. Philip Snowden betrayed in one or two uncontrollable asides the essential bitterness of his spirit. The rest of these Socialist leaders were as mild as a mothers' meeting under the auspices of the Primrose League.

Socialist Dynamite.

THE mention of mothers serves to remind us that there is another reason why the Socialist is—if we may so put it—slipping his red tie round to the back of his neck. It is the genial and gentle influence of the ladies. The feminine electorate is thought to be timid and might be put off by the crude colours of Marxian Socialism.

But is this Moderation sincere or is it merely intended to deceive? We must remember that the Socialist orator, like all demagogues, is exceedingly sensitive to atmosphere. He reflects as much as creates the feeling of the crowd he addresses. He may be sincerely moderate in the *Morning Post* and sincerely violent in the *Daily Herald*.

The stubborn fact remains that at the Congresses and in the programmes of the Labour Party Marxian Socialism remains enthroned. The "nationalisation of the means of production, transportation and exchange" remains the watchword of the Socialist orator. In the official programme of the party there is dynamite enough to blow up our whole industrial system, and one keg recently added involves the Nationalisation of the Bank of England.

These programmes may, of course, mean little or nothing: the real danger seems to us more subtle and more psychological. The Socialist leaders, let us grant, are really moderate men who have "mellowed" into disbelief in their own crude projects; but the people who would have placed them in office, the rank-and-file workers of the Party, the organisers and enthusiasts, they are by no means so cynical. They really believe in the Socialist illusion, and, what is more dangerous, they have the power to force it upon their front bench. We saw it in the Minority Government, which was brought to grief by a surrender to the extremists; we saw it in the general strike, and we venture to say we should see it again were the Labour Party to be returned to power.



Drawing by D'Egville
THE NECROMANCER—"I see a benign man being kicked out of a house—it bears the number 10—I see the new tenant waving a Red Flag."

A LAY SERMON

Why I BELIEVE in God

BY URSULA BLOOM

Miss Ursula Bloom, one of the most successful of our younger novelists, who was adopted by Miss Marie Corelli, gives her views on religion.



Miss Ursula Bloom, whose brilliant literary career was predicted by Miss Marie Corelli.

I BELIEVE in God because I am conscious of His presence.

We are all born with the God instinct; it is one of the elemental factors linked with birth and death. God stands first among the primitive instincts without which a man is incomplete; God reigns with the trinity of fundamental essentials, self-preservation, and carrying on the race. He is a basic need.

In my own small way, I am conscious of Him. It is a dim way, because my powers of perception are such that only allow me to grasp but the crudest outline of Infinity, but, in that petty way of my own, I know Him.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CREATION.

MY arguments are simple. Someone made the world. Someone conceived me; I was not the mere natural product of my parents. In my discussion with myself, I go back to my earliest forbears, so remote that it is with difficulty I can bring myself to think of them. The protoplasm, who made that?

It was not an accident, for Nature does not deal in accidents. It was not the obvious merging from one period into another. Something set that merging going, something before there was light or air, or sound or sight; something before there was the place we to-day call the universe. That something was God.

I believe that God had definite need of us in His scheme of things, and to that end He created us. I also believe that we continue.

I believe in God, because of the power of prayer.

In my prayer I find myself drawn systematically closer to the Unseen. I do not burden the Creator with demands, for He, knowing for what future he has destined me, knows better how to choose. I believe that God knows now what I shall be in a million years time, when this body will no longer be even a particle of dust, but when I myself may have emerged into a more spiritual completion! To that end I feel He is working, and for that reason, I do not attempt to hinder Him by foolish demands.

I have prayed, and my demands have

been granted to me. They were the wrong demands, and they have been given me, but always in a shroud.

I do not pray now for gifts, but for a greater understanding, for a broader tolerance of my fellows, for greater light.

I believe in God because I have felt Him.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

IN times of real stress when I have been up against some insidious terror, when real agony of mind has assailed me, loved ones threatened and my soul helpless, then I have felt God. I have appealed in a wordless prayer to the Almighty, and in return I have been conscious of what I can only describe as a mental hand-clasp, a splendid reassurance, the swift response by a strengthening of faith. To any one who has experienced that sensation, God is no longer a nebulous wraith, but a very real and a very near Presence.

Looking back into my life, I have seen happenings that were not coincidence; people I have met, apparently been forced to meet, people who are now of tremendous assistance to me; influences that have guided, and always introduced into my span at exactly the time I needed them.

That has not been accidental. Looking back into that, I see, as it were, the warp and the woof of a great loom. That loom is my life. The Weaver knows the pattern, I do not.

I am not a fatalist, for I believe that to a certain extent we have free will, but that though we may be allowed a certain choice in when and where events may happen, those events are thrust upon us, and we have in the end to precipitate ourselves into them.

A ROOTED FAITH IN GOD.

WE are here for a reason. That reason is something more than growing potatoes in the end. All life must be guided by a just God, and the rank injustice I see about me on either side, is the greatest indication of a recompense to come. Life is not balanced up fairly; how much greater chance have I, than my maid-servant? How much greater chance has she than the

negress slave? No, the degrees of birth, and the bad luck (so-called) which haunts some people, points systematically to a greater glory in a higher plane. I believe that suffering is necessary to qualify us for the future; that we accept it as a form of experience to stand us in good stead when progress carries us to higher lives. But by strange paradox I find my most deeply-rooted faith in God, and a just God, brought about by the injustice, and the pain, and the woe which is about me.

I have yet to meet an atheist. It is a phase people, especially young people, adopt, but it is seldom in their hearts. In my opinion the atheist is not.

The Bible does not bias me. I accept its mythical legends, as very beautiful fairy tales; I think the story of the garden of Eden one of the most magnificent stories ever written. But it is only a story.

We did not come into being like that. We merged, as we shall merge again. We were protoplasm once and we have merged into this. We shall go on, but likewise will all life progress. I refuse to believe that animals have no souls; I refuse to believe that they will not merge into the higher planes as much as I shall. They may have to live a life as a man or a woman first, but they will become souls in the end, one could not possibly exclude them. There was God in the protoplasm, therefore there is God in all life.

One may not make distinctions.

Of the final end I dare not think. I am so small, and so poor my mentality is so dwarfed, who am I that I dare contemplate eternity? But because I believe in God, I am unafraid of what the future may hold for me. It rests with Him.

I have no creed. I have never found a creed which fitted in with my strange beliefs, yet I have found beauty in all creeds. I cannot conceive why the Buddhist condemns the Christian, and the Christian sneers at the Moslem, and the Moslem despises the Jew. Buddha, Allah, Jehovah, what are they? They are all God. My God!

I have yet to meet an atheist. It is a phase people, especially young people, adopt, but it is seldom in their hearts. In my opinion the atheist is not.



The Duchess of Kent, whose journals throw much light on the relations which existed between her and her daughter.

The DUCHESS and her "SACRED JOURNALS"

—
Queen Victoria
and her Mother

By HECTOR BOLITHO



An impression of Queen Victoria in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1846, where she was a regular worshipper.

MANY biographers and historians have hinted at prolonged unfriendliness between the Queen and her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The question is important as a sidelight on the character of Queen Victoria, for the idea of continued enmity against her mother gives a strong argument to the unsympathetic biographer. These later letters of Lady Augusta Stanley will, therefore, be welcomed, especially for this chapter which concerns Lady Augusta's last illness and her last grand service for the Queen, when she read the Duchess's private diaries before they were destroyed.

THE QUEEN'S KINDNESS

THE association of the Bruce family with the Court had opened many years before, when the Dowager Lady Elgin, mother of Thomas, Lord Elgin, who brought the Marbles from the Parthenon, became Governess to Princess Charlotte. Lady Augusta Stanley was the daughter of Thomas, Lord Elgin, and when the Duchess of Kent retired to Frogmore, Lady Augusta, then Lady Augusta Bruce, was chosen to be her constant Lady-in-Waiting.

Through the long years at Frogmore, when the Duchess of Kent was fading into an old lady, Lady Augusta remained with her, and was considered by both the Queen and her mother in the light of a daughter.

Her earlier letters give many pictures of the last chapter of the Duchess's life and occasional sidelights on the relations existing between mother and daughter.

Writing in 1861, she said,

"The rain is pouring down . . . the gravel walk is so like a river that I can even fancy myself at Petropolis (where her sister was living). The flowers are very brilliant in the

The following article is written from the later letters of Lady Augusta Stanley, edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho, which are to be published by Jonathan Cape at the end of April. It is a contradiction of the traditional story that the Queen and her mother were unfriendly during the years when the Duchess of Kent lived in retirement at Frogmore, in Windsor Park.

collonade this winter, but alas! our Beloved (the Duchess) walks very lamely and tremblingly along it . . . there is nothing but pain and suffering in prospect . . . even yesterday, when so suffering, she played the piano."

In April of the same year the Duchess died. "The Poor Prince burst into tears, and raising the Queen, led her away, followed by Prs. Alice . . . the poor Queen. Oh! How she wept—what agony—what distraction—well I could feel and weep with her." The Queen "walked down next morning—went into the rooms—the Prince reading prayers out of *Her* books.

I never saw such tenderness, such gentleness, such tact as his. Oh! He is one in millions—

well might She love Him as She did. I was so struck with His appreciation of Her. It was so true, and, for one who is supposed to place intellect and reasoning powers above all, so remarkable. They came down every day to Frogmore, spent the morning there, and often part of the afternoon. She often sat in the flower room—saw all the servants, superintended the work in the Mausoleum—looked at papers, found everything in most beautiful order—all Her wishes explained."

When the Duchess of Kent died, the Queen wrote to Lady Augusta:—

"Dearest Augusta,—When you lost yr. dear Mother—now nearly a year ago—my beloved Mother whom God has taken to Himself and released from suffering, asked you to consider her House yr. Home henceforward—and I know that you mourn Her as yr. 2nd Mother! I feel deeply yr. devotion to her and the tender, affectionate way in which you ministered to my dearest precious Mama. It is our wish that you should consider *our* house yr. home in future—I wish to appoint you my Resident Bedchamber Woman, and while I wish that you should live with us, I offer you the small apart. at St. James' Palace in order that you may have a *piéd à terre* of yr. own. Dearest Aa., the thought of having you, who dearest Mama loved as a Child, near me in future, is an indescribable comfort for my poor bleeding heart and I trust that you will love the Child of that dear blessed One who is at rest and at Peace now."

"THE QUEEN IS SO GENTLE AND GOOD."

AFTER Lady Augusta joined the Queen, she spent most of her time in attending to the affairs of the Duchess—

"Writing lists of the things the Queen gives as souvenirs, and letters to go with them. I love the work because it is still with the Queen and for our blessed one. I do not join them



Frogmore, the Windsor Park home of the Duchess of Kent.

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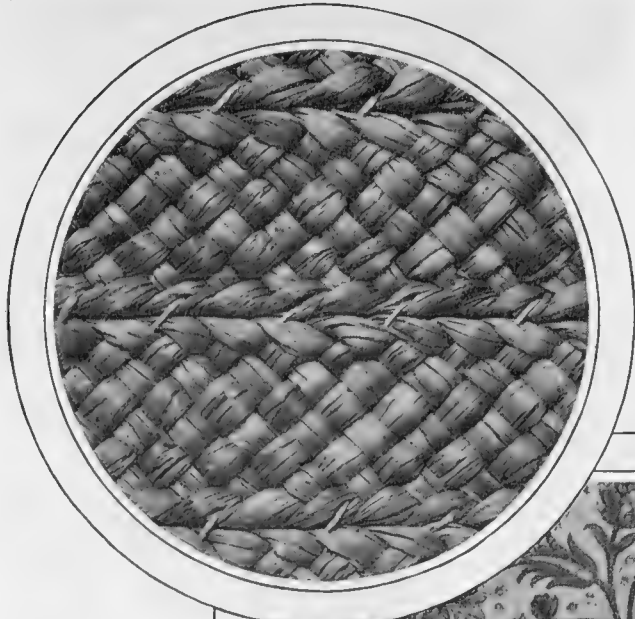
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By MARJORIE DAY



Plaited matting for the floor is both practical and attractive and especially suitable for the cottage room.

As an alternative to plain linen curtains, this period cretonne in a Jacobean design harmonises happily with oak chairs and tables.



IT is not one bit too early to begin thinking about it, for March winds and April showers are not so very far removed from June roses and sunny blue skies of August. And so, perhaps, on the first fine day that March brings you, you may step into your car and off to the country to look for the perfect cottage. Of course there won't be a "perfect" one; you have to make up your mind quite definitely about that right at the beginning, but there is always one which is so definitely charming as it nestles amid the trees, either at the end of the lane that leads to Nowhere, or on the outskirts of a quaint old world village, that you forgive its few inconveniences immediately, and start to plan its improvement right away.

PUTTING IT IN ORDER.

RE-DECORATION, and sometimes restoration, begins at once, and then come all the thousand and one interests which are to be derived from its furnishing. For instance, the selection of the actual pieces of furniture, giving careful thought to their size in relation to the room, their period in relation to its decoration; and then, lastly, purchasing the fabrics for rugs, carpets, curtains and cushions.

All these things may be done inexpensively, provided you give yourself sufficient time. So you see, as I said before, it isn't too early to begin now.

ally low doors, and dining tables that will seat numbers of guests who you would never dream of inviting all at the same time.

Be ruthless when would-be kind friends and relations, hearing of your project, suggest presenting you with odd pieces of furniture, unless they are sufficiently sympathetic to enter thoroughly into the spirit of your furnishing scheme. Pieces that are suited to a large house or London flat are frequently all wrong in a country cottage, so harden your heart against large mahogany wardrobes that will scarcely be able to get inside the characteristic-

AN OLD WORLD ROOM.

THE room illustrated on this page belongs to a genuine old world cottage of the Tudor period, and every piece of furniture is a genuine antique. It can be copied and adapted quite reasonably in terms of attractive reproductions, but the principles—simplicity of line, mellow tones, durability—will all remain the same. The oak-timbered walls are washed with pale primrose which emphasises the warm shade of the oak furniture; the floor is laid with plaited rush matting; and the windows are curtained with plain linen, in a tawny brown tone; or a period cretonne in a Jacobean design, shown above, offers an effective alternative. It is quite a small room, but the carefully chosen decorative and furnishing scheme creates a most restful atmosphere as well as achieving an appreciable effect of space.

SUITABLE ORNAMENTS.

Above all, there is no overcrowding with ornaments, the few that there are strike just the right note: on the writing-table, a piece of antique brass, flanked by brass candlesticks, on the gate-legged table, flowers, simply arranged in a cut-glass vase and charmingly reflected in the attractive period mirror.



Oak-timbered walls and a beamed ceiling call for the simplicity of line that characterises Jacobean furniture.

The Trend of FASHION

The SPRING MODELS

disclose some interesting secrets

MARCH, the month when both Spring and the advance contingent of the season's new models make their official entry, is always an interesting one from the fashion point of view, for it brings us actual knowledge of what is in store. We no longer have to guess and balance one meagre piece of information against another.

The new trend of fashion is obviously towards femininity. Uneven hem lines and draped effects are almost universal in the evening; trains, often cut in two pieces, so that they are certainly far more manageable than in the past, are a *fait accompli*.

Afternoon frocks display an intricate arrangement of pleats and flounces, or the

two combined, and collars, jabots and cuffs of chiffon or fancy georgette, are used on every possible occasion, in the pastel shades as well as in white and cream.

EVEN tailored suits follow this general trend, for although they are actually cut on the usual simple, classical lines, the jumpers and shirts destined for wear with them are invariably of the frilly variety, so that the whole effect is much more feminine than has been the case for some time.

The waist-line has moved upwards, slightly but appreciably, and skirts in general are a shade longer. An intricacy of design and cleverness of cut underlies an outward appearance of simplicity and there is an almost meticulous attention to detail, each point being carefully thought out and stressed more than once, whether it relates to colour, trimming, or the arrangement of drapery.

AT the moment, two contrasting styles seem to be competing for favour—the basque (seen on quite a number of evening models and also on some tailor-made suits) and the straight silhouette, with the hips kept perfectly flat; in the latter case, fullness is set just below the hips, and although allowing perfect freedom of movement, detracts in no way from the straight effect.

ONE of the most striking features of the new evening models is the use of printed fabrics and many of these, lovely as they are, are not content to rely upon design only, but are elaborately embroidered in addition. The Busvine evening gown, for which black and white chiffon, boldly patterned, is the medium, is embroidered in diamanté and minute white beads, that sometimes outline the pattern and sometimes form original motifs. This gown has the flat hip effect, and the accompanying coat is cut in one with the scarf and embroidered on the same lines. Huge muff-like cuffs of black fox fur provide a striking finish at the wrists.

MANY of the most attractive evening models have these accompanying coats. It is a vogue that has made



Black satin, cleverly arranged in transverse pieces, comes once more into prominence as the fashionable fabric for hats. (Busvine Ltd.)

a tremendous appeal to the feminine contingent, probably for economic reasons. Yes! It does make for economy, though one can hardly suppose that the designers were sufficiently philanthropic to have such an idea in mind when these additions to evening toilettes were evolved. It means, you see, that the same frock that does duty for dancing can be worn to dinner at restaurants, etc., for nowadays we may not show our arms when we dine, only when we dance! It certainly is rather delightful to be conscious of being perfectly turned out in the evening, and yet feel warm—one's friends' drawing-rooms are chilly places sometimes—and even one layer of chiffon makes quite an appreciable difference.

DINNER frocks, as opposed to dance frocks, are very important in the new collections too, long of sleeve and high of neck, though sleeves are usually transparent and décolletages discreetly covered with lace are cut down almost to the waist-line at the back. The dinner frock seldom boasts of a train, but it makes a very imposing feature of its scarf, which is often a two-piece affair, falling from each shoulder and loosely knotted at the back.

AFTERNOON dresses, despite the intricate treatment they often receive, invariably present a perfectly straight silhouette. The Martial et Armand model, expressed in heavy black crêpe de Chine, is designed on such lines, the skirt being arranged in tiers of flounces; these flounces are scalloped



Georgette, printed with white discs against a background of cherry is used for an effective two-piece, the coat made of the same material in black. (Busvine)



A black crêpe de Chine afternoon frock, collared with lemon georgette, has a skirt arranged in flat flounces, knife-pleated and scalloped. (Martial et Armand)



Some of the smartest hats, fitting closely to the head, are carried out in silk jersey, a most delightful newcomer to the millinery world. (Busvine.)

at the sides and pleated at the back and front; and a most slimming effect is obtained by the waistband, being cut in one with the back panel, that extends from the shoulders to the hem, where it is secured by a neat little row of buttons. The collar of fancy georgette, lemon in shade—lemon and black is the new colour alliance—follows amusingly the exact lines of the skirt, for it also is pleated and scalloped in turn. Certainly there is minute attention to detail here, well repaid by the attractive effect.

ENSEMBLES are numerous in the new collections, sometimes completed by capes, sometimes by short coats, sometimes by long ones.

The Busvine ensemble has a long coat of black georgette, made with a yoke, so that it hangs perfectly straight from the shoulders. Georgette, printed with white discs on a background of cherry is also used for the frock, which has a narrow belt of cherry leather. This model is a forerunner of the vogue for combining two materials, exactly matched in colour and design, of which whispers have already been heard. For satin, entirely indistinguishable from the georgette save for its sheen, borders the skirt at the hem and just below the waist-line and edges the top of the tiny pocket. Satin, too, is used for edging the unlined coat, just glimpsed as this sways with the movement of the wearer.

THE feeling for more dignity and elaboration

in dress has certainly not succeeded in ousting that chic, debonair little affair we misname sports suit, in the vernacular of the day, from the very prominent place it occupies in fashion's scheme, though these have come into line to the extent of being far more elaborate than they used to be. Granted that we do not propose to play tennis or golf in them, they still remain the most suitable setting for any and every informal occasion when we want to be becomingly and comfortably clad.

MANY sports suits are of the four-piece variety, consisting of skirt, jumper, cardigan and scarf; some can even be described as five-pieces, because, in addition, a top coat is included, carried out in a heavier fabric, but blending in colour with the rest of the ensemble.

Even in the case of three-pieces, two or more fabrics and colours almost always go to their making. Very fine stockinette is used for the Paul Caret model, the skirt being navy and the jumper scarlet, with a geometrical design in navy; the little coat is made of a rather heavier woollen material, navy in colour, and is piped with scarlet and beige.

AND hats! These, we are told, will grow larger as the summer approaches, but at the moment they are usually close-fitting and follow the lines of the head. Very often they form part of the ensemble. A hat of fine black straw, for instance, trimmed with satin ribbon, similar to that on the frock, completes the Busvine two-piece and a navy suède "pull-on" is worn with the sports suit.

The very newest millinery fabric is jersey silk in every imaginable shade, delightfully soft and comfortable and most becoming; one wonders why no one thought of it before. And black satin is becoming fashionable again.

TRIMMING, we used to understand the word, has no place as yet in the Spring Millinery scheme. Interesting effects are still obtained by means of two materials, the hat being carried out in one and the other inset; or geometrical designs of the same fabric in one or more colours, are set into crowns. Flowers, heralded for some time, still fail, in their natural guise, to bloom on hats, the few that have made a discreet appearance being of the same material as the hat itself.

Sports hats are often banded with suède or leather, finished, after the manner of a belt, with a metal buckle or clasp. Smarter ones are brightened with every variety of fancy pin or brooch; some of these are of the semi-precious variety, made of onyx, galalite, etc., studded with paste; real gems go to the making of others, rubies, emeralds or sapphires, set in diamonds, adding consider-

ably to the intrinsic value of what to all appearances is a very simple hat.

PARIS continues to stress the importance of jewellery, and the "jewellery frock" is still to the fore, in other words, a dress, either for the afternoon or evening, carried out in a material with a dull surface, chiffon, georgette or crêpe-satin, which, devoid of embroidery or any other form of trimming, provides a most effective setting for jewels, invariably en suite in colouring and design. One sees diamonds with black or black and white, rubies with red, sapphires with deep blue, emeralds with live shades of green and aquamarines with the malachite-green that is one of the fashionable shades of the moment.

Nor does the well-dressed woman "mix" her jewellery in the day either. With her morning tailor-made, for instance, the ornament that finishes her neat felt hat, the brooch that secures her frilly jabot, even the ring on her finger—one ring only is correct at the moment in the morning—must all be in agreement.

Following the same rule, scarves match bags, or hats, scarves and bags may all match each other, or bags are made in the same material as frocks. Even the gauntlets of gloves are sometimes embroidered with the colour that the dress stresses.

The feeling for detail, so apparent in the new models, very naturally extends to dress accessories and ornaments.

MARJORY CHARLTON.



A sports three-piece in navy, scarlet and beige, with a jumper and skirt of very fine stockinette and a coat of a heavier navy woollen fabric. (Paul Caret.)



This black and white evening ensemble is embroidered with diamanté and white beads and black fox fur is used for the amusingly large cuffs. (Busvine.)

Some SOUPS

*Too many cooks spoil the broth,
but too many broths will never
spoil your reputation as a good cook.*

By W. Teignmouth Shore

IT is quite easy and very pleasing to think out soups for yourself, usually with a stock basis, and often using odds and ends that you happen to have handy. With judiciously varied seasonings a good stock can be turned into an almost "fancy" soup. Do not forget the friendly onion or overlook the celery, and celery salt, or fried or unfried chopped parsley; or grated lemon-rind; Worcestershire Sauce, ketchups and so on. Turn one or the other, or two or more combined, into the stock. Also, there are such helpful things as rice, tapioca, vermicelli and other "pastes." A nice accompaniment to many clear soups is grated Parmesan cheese; and with thick soups small cubes of bread-crumbs fried hard in butter, or little fingers of stale bread baked, about two inches long and half an inch square each.

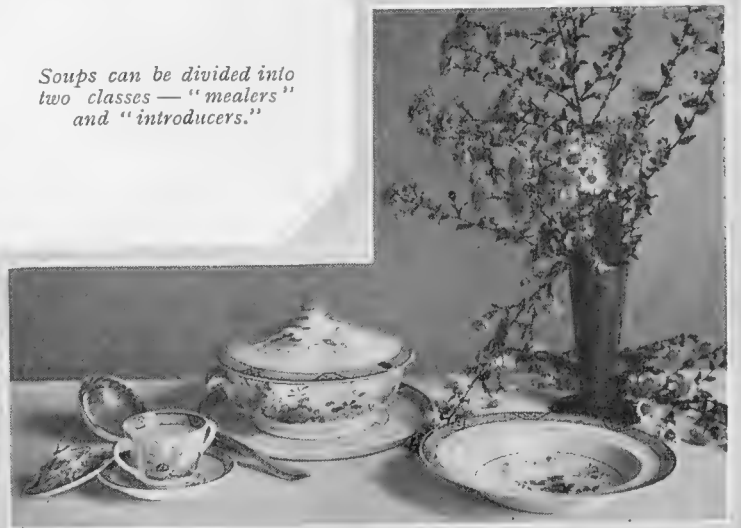
Or if you are overwhelmed with that unexpected guest you will be relieved to remember that you have a tin of soup in the cupboard, which you should touch up a bit, say, by the addition of some herbs, or the aforesaid and so useful Worcestershire Sauce, or tapioca, et cetera. A little drop of Madeira will make things luscious. This wine is, by the way, quite the most generally useful for cookery, but many "cookers" put in too much, only a very little being needed.

Or you may have by you the necessities for such a soup as

cheese soup. Make very hot in a pan a quart of milk, together with two slices each of a carrot and an onion, and a pinch of powdered mace. While this is happening, rub into two tablespoonfuls of butter the same amount of flour, being very thorough about it. Just before it comes quite to the boil, strain the milk to rid it of the vegetables, heat it again in the pan and stir in the buttered flour, stirring until thickness shows itself. Then stir in slowly three very full tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan, of which the wise "souper" always has a good stock ready. Immediately before serving the soup and after you have taken the pan off the fire, add the well-beaten yolks of a couple of eggs and such pepper and salt as commends itself to you. But do not be too peppery; many "cookers" are!

Or, you may be lucky enough to have a good supply of stock from yesterday's boiled fish. Strain a quart of it into a pan; add a tablespoonful of cornflour which you have thoroughly mixed into a breakfastcupful of milk. Ware lumps! Pepper and salt, but be careful with your salting, tasting the mixture first. Simmer gently, gently simmer for a quarter of an hour, when it should be very hot. So far it is apt to be a trifle insipid, is it not? I think so. Why not uninsipid it with a kindly flavouring and then eat it with fried bread cubes?

*Soups can be divided into
two classes — "mealers"
and "introducers."*



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"Blow, Blow, Thou

A Short Story of the Stage

By MARGUERITE STEEN



THE sort of insane courage which prompts someone about to commit suicide filled Lou Renshaw on the day she walked up to Henry Batchelor and asked him for a job.

Henry Batchelor! — who could never say "No" to a pretty woman, and who never even saw an ugly one, who picked his ladies like a connoisseur, and got them cheap, because a girl who could say she had been with the Batchelor management was sure, in those days, of another job on the "legitimate." He trained his young people, did Batchelor. Many a young actress who came to him with a mouthful of classic bombast departed with her market value raised 50 per cent., to fill a gap in a West End drawing-room play, and made good in it. Many a young man who turned up stuttering from musical comedy walked straight out of Batchelor's company into Sheridan leads.

He was a manager in the grand tradition; he looked at a boy or a girl, and knew at a glance if they were capable of assimilating him. He demanded, furthermore, that the boys be manly and the girls beautiful, though neither virility nor beauty profited them if these qualities were unallied with a capacity for hard, grinding work.

Lou Renshaw must indeed have taken leave of her senses on the day she tackled Batchelor on the stairs of the theatrical organisation that formed a kind of refuge for such derelicts as herself; a place across whose portals might well have been inscribed the words, "*Abandon hope, all ye who enter here*," a place wherein the shadows of the great seldom fell, for, as a rule, the prosperous actor shuns like the plague his luckless fellows.

LOU was one of the little knot of failures who treated the lounge of the Actors' Union, with its shabby, ash-strewn furniture and its defaced copies of the *Eva* and *Stage*, as a club-room. It saved her fires and lighting. Each morning about eleven, leaving her Coram Street lodging, Lou Renshaw appeared there, asking with determined sprightliness and confidence for her letters, scanning the notice-board for "jobs" with an assumption of indifference which was the finest acting of which she had ever proved herself capable, greeting her acquaintances with spurious good cheer, although the rollicking words tripped oddly from lips set like iron in the lines of despair. Always the same old gang! — old crows like herself, people she had known all her life, who never seemed to have done anything save cling to the rags of existence: Bellamy, with his dyspeptic railings against the ingratitude of managers; old May Wardell, looking a regular old street fairy—sixty if she was a day, and all gawgawed up with lipstick, peering through the lorgnettes that fellow gave her when she was in panto in '05; old Lizzie Burgess, who'd let herself run to seed like a washerwoman, yet managed to secure a few weeks' work with a fit-up tour now and again. Lou herself wondered if she looked as bad as the rest of them; it is difficult to realise how much like one's unfortunate fellows one may become.

Excepting for two days' work in a film crowd, Lou Renshaw had been without a job for four years. Useless to ask how she lived; but it wasn't the way most people thought. She sat

and starved fiercely, for the most part, in her room in Coram Street, about whose rent the landlady, herself once a professional, was kind. Loathing it, she took a little help from an actors' charity. She accepted old clothes from friends a little better off than herself, hating herself in the five-year-old cast-offs of a popular West End favourite, ludicrously out of date before they descended, at third hand, to Lou. Her lantern-jawed face, with its great weak mouth, nodded grotesquely over some unseemly tuft of exhausted fur or limp ruffle of silk; a historic hat, adorned with moulting osprey or yellowing violets according to the season, or, on a rainy day, in all its naked shapelessness, crushed her unburnished hair down towards eyes reddrained by the malicious demon of sleeplessness that robbed Lou Renshaw of her last chance of looking respectable. She was like a scarecrow, exposed to the elements; the wind of her comrades' witticisms blew through her, and she remained, clacking her teeth and spreading out her arms to display her sorry state.

Thus Lou Renshaw on the day that Henry Batchelor walked up the stairs of the Actors' Union building.

In those days Henry Batchelor was upon the crest of his immense success. He was acclaimed as a great actor, a great manager. He was over

tiny incidents were woven the fabric of Batchelor's days; there must have been some great sweetness in the man that he continued to notice and enjoy them.

And now Lou Renshaw stood and goggled in his path like something off a gibbet. Henry Batchelor flinched, because it struck him as an outrage that any woman should look so frightful. He swept off his hat and stood aside to let her pass; he felt as pitiful towards her as he might have felt towards a cripple—and as annoyed that her poverty should blur the golden aspect of his day. And the hag that was Lou Renshaw said:

"Can you give me a job, Mr. Batchelor? I'm out of work."

He stared at her, hardly crediting his ears. It was only when her mouth began to work sideways, and awful beads of moisture appeared to enhance the redness of her eyelids, that he came to himself.

"I've had no work for four years," said Lou Renshaw, and without intending to do it, made the noise a sink plug makes when it is suddenly withdrawn from its socket; and all the tears that obstinacy had held back began to gurggle out of her, slowly, relentlessly.

Henry Batchelor's brows drew together; he hated to see a woman cry, even if she was pretty. Lou Renshaw in tears was a revolting sight. He felt so angry that he was very gentle.

"My dear lady," he said, in a voice he reserved for duchesses and for tremendous moments of dignity upon the stage, "please, please control yourself. Come in here for a moment."

He pushed her, none too tenderly, through the door of a little empty office; he stood before her, scarlet, incensed, angrily aware that she

had taken advantage of him, determined to make her pay for it.

"What have you done?" he asked, automatically, because the words he wished for, the words of distant, managerial reprobation were slow in coming to him.

"Twelve years with the Penley Opera," said Lou. "Then I got a bad throat, and that finished it."

"But, surely—have you seen Penley?"

"Yes. He said I could come back—"

"Well?"

"—as a charwoman, if I liked," finished Lou, and a dreadful little smile broke out upon her lips.

"You'll walk on at three pounds?" asked Henry Batchelor in a level voice. Cold-blooded brutality he abhorred; and Lou's ugliness was to him like a personal affront. One couldn't treat so low a thing worse than the mongrel dog you let in at your back door. He escaped from her, to the air, his Rolls-Royce and Mary.

THAT is the story of how Lou Renshaw, the queer old frabble who seems cast among the walking ladies as a deliberate foil to their loveliness, came to be a member of the Batchelor company ten years ago; and of how Henry Batchelor gained for himself a mute, inglorious adorer, of whose existence he always tried to be unaware. Actually he never looked at Lou when he could help it; her formless, stupid ugliness always irritated him. He never laughed or joked with her as he did with other members of his company. He never joined a circle of people of whom she made one.

*"Blow, Blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."*

six feet in height; handsome, in a genial fashion which threatened to become opulent in time; consciously, but inoffensively, charming.

DOWNSTAIRS, in his Rolls-Royce, lay Mary Towers, smoothly snuggled in the sables that signalled to the managerial world her gilt-edged security; a big, blonde woman, with grey, business-like eyes and a commercialised mouth. Of her and Henry Batchelor people said—all that people say about a leading lady and her actor-manager. She represented, up to a point, Batchelor's ideal in women; he "preferred blondes," he adored Mary's smooth, speckless beauty, her barbaric insolence, her Boadicean command of himself and his resources.

Lou Renshaw had not had a square meal for something over a week. The remains of her last box of "Dorine" were dabbed uncertainly about her dull, leathery face, her teeth showed grey as tombstones against the lipsticked gap of her mouth. She had on brown shoes and black stockings—unforgivable! This by itself must prove to any woman that Lou was lost to all self-respect. She swallowed three times, then she seized her cotton umbrella by its middle and walked out upon the landing, just in time to intercept Henry Batchelor descending from the office regions up above.

He started slightly, roused from the rather pleasant recollection of the obvious emotion of a little typist as the great Batchelor walked in upon her. He had been very kind and fatherly, and had called her "my dear," and she had allowed him to see that she regarded him as nothing less than an angelic visitant. Of such



He swept off his hat and stood aside to let her pass.

Her salary was never raised; she remained a peg on which to hang the most fantastic garments. Sometimes her appearance raised a laugh, which pleased her, because she fancied it might please him. She had no powers of characterisation, and was too nervous to speak a line correctly; but she was Madame Marsuple to many a *Hélène*; "dreadful little gestures" flowered from her unconsciously upon the stage. Off it, she was still the same old rag-bag of a Lou Renshaw, a woman for whom life was over at forty-eight. When there was no part for her in a production she was allowed to "give a little help in the wardrobe"; this seemed the last touch of benediction, although she was aware she had the business manager to thank for it and not "the Guv'nor." And always, insignificantly, unwearingly, she brooded over the life, the destiny of Henry Batchelor.

She witnessed the departure of the golden Mary and the installation of her successor—a girl like a silver snake, who managed for three years to conceal her contempt for Henry Batchelor's mentality and then let it out like a jet of poison at the end of a third act, which had lagged a little because Batchelor had been

unable entirely to control a biting pain that was gnawing at his vitals.

Then there was Betty Blake, who was rather a dear, rather brainless, and made rather a success of Henry Batchelor. Then there were Lydia Bilton, Frances Dawne, Glyn Hume . . .

Lou Renshaw knew of others, too; the less presentable kind—the kind with whom once in a while Henry Batchelor went a-pleasuring.

THE "flaming June" of Henry Batchelor's career was so far prolonged that for long after its days had shortened hardly anyone began to notice the shadows drawing in upon it. Henry Batchelor no longer dared to surround himself with the perpetual challenge of youth. Another innovation was his leading lady, who was invulnerably married to a husband who called for her every night to take her home! Batchelor was friendly with them, dined with them fairly frequently; but he was not happy in the domestic element.

There was nothing of the satyr in Henry Batchelor's attitude towards women; but he had lived for fifty years on the knowledge that no woman in whom he had interested himself

had ever failed in response to the magnetism of his own personality. It hurt, unaccountably, to find his leading lady as coolly unmoved as an efficient piece of machinery when he made passionate stage love to her for a hundred nights on end. He said something of this to her, in a half-jocular way, one night when he was feeling particularly debonair.

"You're a chilly woman, Angela!"

She stared at him with frank astonishment and laughed.

"Funny old Henry!"

"Old!" . . . Lots of people called him old; but not with that particular intonation in the voice. He looked anxiously in his glass. . . . Something inside him shrivelled. . . .

For the first time in his life Henry Batchelor, a little unbalanced and uneasy, began to look about him in his company.

It was tragic for Lou Renshaw that his eye, lighting upon her, kindled again to the revulsion he had felt in the moment of their first meeting. She was old, too! Old Lou Renshaw—old Henry Batchelor! Monstrous combination!

Chatting with his business manager, after the curtain was down, he mentioned her, uneasily,

irritably, dabbing away at his face with the grease-towel.

"Poor old Renshaw. I'm afraid we'll have to get rid of her, Paget. Not quite the thing, is she? Doesn't take sufficient pride in herself off the stage. We might arrange a little pension, perhaps—don't say a word about it for the present. You'd better drop her a line from the office about the end of the tour."

LOU, blissfully unaware that she was being disposed of, continued to sew through the mornings with the wardrobe women, who despised and were very kind to her; and to put on her careful, skilful make-up for her seventy seconds' appearance on the stage in the second act of *Fanfreliche*. She was sharing rooms just then with a young newcomer to the company—a girl of the "country-parsonage" type; beautiful in a baby fashion, almost idiotically inexperienced, something of a prude and something of a snob.

Susan came in rather late one night and ate her supper abstractedly.

"Good night," said Lou, "I'm going to bed."

Susan jumped from her chair, and stood between Lou and the door.

"Oh, don't go; I must tell you—I must tell someone!" she cried. Her pink and white face, ill-shaped for tragedy, quivered transparently before Lou, reminding her foolishly of a blancmange.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Lou, roughly.

Susan seized her hand and held it, against all Lou's attempts to free herself. She hated contact with Susan's soft, warm, vital flesh.

"I don't know *how* to tell you! You'll be so shocked!"

Lou's mouth emitted a sound which did for a laugh. She—Lou Renshaw—shocked! Susan, steeped in the luxurious egoism of her youth, did not observe the fine ironic flavour of Lou's laughter. She hastened on, clutching at the elder woman.

"To-night—in his dressing-room—Mr. Batchelor wanted to kiss me!"

Stars burst about Lou's head and there were strange cracklings in her ears. In the landlady's streaky mirror above the fireplace she caught sight of her own face and marvelled at its impassivity.

"Well?"

"I didn't let him, of course. I thought it was simply horrid—don't you? An old man like Mr. Batchelor! I said, 'Oh no, please!'"

"And what did he say?" asked a curious voice—presumably Lou Renshaw's, since it issued from her lips.

"Oh, he was quite *nice* about it. He said 'Very well, my dear,' and let me go at once. But I do think it was horrid all the same. An old man like that!"

She was startled when Lou pushed her aside and walked out of the room. She would have been more startled if she had followed Lou upstairs into the damply cold bedroom, lit by a bubble of bluish gas, the landlady's concession to that minimum of comfort and convenience demanded by the touring professional.

Half mad, Lou seemed to be, as she paced from strip of oilcloth to rag of carpet, round the greyish area of the double bedstead that usurped all the space left over from a dressing-table of

deal and a wardrobe whose creaking door would not keep shut unless it was wedged with a wad of newspaper. There was not room for Lou's basket; she had had to leave it out on the landing, for people to bump against and curse at its bulging sides. She muttered aloud in the gloom, tearing the cheap checked blouse away from her corded throat, while the ugly tears fountained down her cheeks.

IN the course of the next few days a veritable hell's broth churned itself up in the company. People who had been with Henry Batchelor eight or even ten years mumbled of giving in their notices; a fiery young actor who attempted in the course of rehearsal to return a Roland for the "guv'nor's Oliver" was ordered out of the theatre; small part people, knotted together for self-defence, growled wholesale sedition, and the general feeling ran towards an opinion that to tar and feather Henry Batchelor would be a pleasant and tasteful form of reprisal for the insults he heaped upon his galley-slaves. And through all his senseless insolences, his petty cruelties, Lou Renshaw, herself one of the victims, sensed, not Henry Batchelor's malice, but Henry Batchelor's pain.

The company, in its strolling, had reached one of the fashionable seaside towns, with



Always the same old gang!—old crows like herself.

which the spring tour usually brought itself to a close. In another fortnight the new play was opening Henry Batchelor's season in town. There was tension in the air; petty quarrels leapt up like light flames, and died down again.

IT was Friday: Lou's pay envelope, containing her three pounds (with insurance deducted) was in her deplorable bag. It gave her a sense of temporary opulence; she set aside the thought that by the time she had settled her bill and tipped the dresser (who, although she never did a hand's turn for Lou Renshaw, looked very cross-eyed if she failed to receive her shilling from the fourth lady in the dressing-room), the three pounds would have dwindled to an inconsiderable handful of silver.

Not for nothing had Lou Renshaw watched people take the parts of great ladies, even of royalty, upon the stage. As she walked along the Promenade and saw in front of her a large luxurious hotel, Lou Renshaw decided to enter it, and for a moment, at least, in her life play the grand lady.

The commissioner, catching sight of the top of Lou's truly frightful hat, started forward to intercept her; she lifted her head, and stared him straight in the face with an expression of such unparalleled insolence that he stood back hastily, with a little gesture of apology. Lou, slightly light-headed with her success, passed on into the hall.

She was immediately approached by a person in imposing livery, whose existence she proceeded to ignore, leaning upon the handle of her um-

brella (which she inwardly deplored but was resolved to make the best of), while she considered her next move.

"Can I direct you, madam?" The tone was dubious; this official was taking no risks, but obviously he was little less impressed than the commissioner had been. A strain of music gave Lou her cue. She gazed haughtily into space over the man's head.

"I want some tea," she said, carefully reproducing the negligently aristocratic tones of the actress who had been chosen for a similar part to the one she was playing in the last Batchelor comedy.

"This way, madam."

AS she followed him along a wide corridor, with a hothouse atmosphere of moist, luxurious plants, she caught sight of a small room wherein a group of ladies were gracefully bent over writing-tables. The imp drove his elbow well into Lou's ribs at that point, and, obedient to his imperious prompting, she called after her guide:

"Stop!—Is that a writing-room you have here? I want to write a letter."

"That room is only for the use of residents, madam," said the man.

Lou raised her eyebrows and tilted her head a little way back on her shoulders. That—and the cotton umbrella—and the unspeakable hat did it! The man had crumpled long before she had finished drawing "Indeed!"

Lou found herself seated before a little gilded writing-desk, of dubious Louis period, with all she could require for a prolonged correspondence before her. While she took off her gloves a

page came and replenished the rack with paper. Lou, who conducted her correspondence upon sixpenny writing-blocks from the cheap stores, noted with approval that the paper was of heavy quality, that the address was embossed in bronze,

and the envelopes decorated with an ornate hotel crest. Who should she write to, just for a joke? There was old May Wardell, up at the Union . . .

Smiling involuntarily, Lou bent to her task, and had just looped the words, "*What ho! How about this for high living?*" across the virgin sheet of paper, when her hand seemed to stop, paralyzed, on the blotter. Along the corridor, past the swing-doors, just as he had passed on that day at the Actors' Union—how many years ago?—came Henry Batchelor. Lou remembered how radiant he had seemed that day; how vitality, and confidence, and strength appeared to pour out of him. He was still handsome, with the hogged grey patches above his ears, but he had thickened. He went heavily nowadays, with a heaviness not only of the body but of the spirit. The remembered geniality of his expression had faded into something suggestive of querulousness, of disappointment.

He passed on, leaving Lou Renshaw staring into space past many a well-gowned woman, who cast at her curious glances in quitting the writing-room. And suddenly she crumpled the letter she had begun to May Wardell into a ball in her hand, and, seizing a fresh sheet of paper, her pen began to glide across it smoothly, unfalteringly.

How many people would have guessed that the rag of a woman crouched there over the little gimcrack Louis desk, with a bowl of delicate

cyclamen blowing ironically beside her as though to push comparison to its uttermost, was writing the epic of her life?

Lou had not known there were so many beautiful words, so many tender expressions stored up in her mind. She read over a finished page, and found, to her amazement, that it was almost poetry. Now and again a cruder, more prosaic sentence, breaking in, vouched for its sincerity. "For fifteen years you have been the most real, the most vital thing in my life. You have made living worth while . . ."

On chased the strangely fluent pen, while the powder was flushed from Lou Renshaw's leathery cheeks and the stringy wisps of her brindled hair sprayed out beneath her night mare hat and the two-and-elevenpenny crêpe scarf worked itself into a string round her scrag of a neck.

"I know that you would like me to be beautiful. Shall I tell you that I am?—That my hair is fair, and that I can sit upon it, in spite of which, you may be surprised to hear I am a fashionable woman?—That I wear beautiful clothes which are very expensive, and, for jewellery, generally sapphires, because they are supposed to go with my eyes?—It is very difficult to inventory oneself, but I want to try to be as real to you as you are to me.

"But I cannot tell you my name, cannot make any appointment to meet you. It would be quite useless; nothing could come of it.

"Just think of me sometimes as of an Unknown who has found all the beauty in her life in the knowledge of your existence—your far, intangible existence. I must have seen you hundreds of times now, but each time you stir something afresh in me, something lovely which I thought was dead springs anew to life. This must be the real meaning of love, this strange, exquisite thing which links you with me, which keeps me young because of you. . . ."

HER heart was thudding against her breast as Lou Renshaw finished this epistle and pushed it into its envelope. Never before had she had the exquisite pleasure of writing Henry Batchelor's name on a letter to him. Her pen lingered over it as lovingly as though the very steel could feel the passion in Lou's soul. She forgot her airs of a duchess incognito as she stumbled out of the writing-room and hastened down the red carpet to the promenade, where actually the lamps were showing their pale inverted bulbs against the lilac sky of late afternoon.

She hastened to the theatre, and found that her luck was in, for the stage door-keeper's box chanced to be empty. She stuck the letter hastily in the rack and ran for her life.

"Only another week of this old horror," exclaimed one of the girls, as she flung her blouse into the dresser's hands. "Thank goodness! Well, I'm sick of your precious Batchelor company. Shan't be sorry to get into a live show again, I can tell you. I hope you won't be offended if I don't burst into tears, girls, on Saturday week."

Lou thought of the dull evenings in the wardrobe ahead of her, but said nothing. Of the walking ladies, only she and Susan, the flapper, were being kept on. In the new comedy there were few small parts.

As the ladies trooped down on the stage for the opening of the second act, Lou, hugging the flame of concealed excitement within her, became aware of an unusual stir in the wings. To her astonishment most of the company were gathered down on the stage. This was by no means an unusual thing in the early stages of a play, for Batchelor encouraged his young people to watch, and, subject to their own good behaviour and the stage manager's discretion, a group of eager souls frequently crowded into the O.P. to learn, by precept and example, the theory of their art. But *Fanfreluche* had been running, in the present revival, for twenty weeks, and heaven alone know how long before that. It was one of the oldest pieces in the Batchelor repertory.

One of the young men turned an eager, excited face towards Lou as she crossed the scene



"I didn't let him, of course. I thought it was simply horrid—don't you."

dock in her plum-coloured dress towards her own entrance.

"By George, the old man's shooting for a place in the sun to-night! Never saw anything like it. Might be a 'command' performance. Don't talk any nonsense to me about acting being dead while the old Guv'nor's alive!"

THIS being the last thing Lou would have been likely to tell him, she held her peace.

She caught her breath as he came on. A knot of players had collected opposite Batchelor's last exit, well out of the great man's way, but eager to see what was inevitably one of the greatest moments in the play.

He stepped into the shadow of the flats, his dresser went forward to receive the cloak from his arm. As he did so, someone moved one of the standard lights, and a long, white beam, striking towards the dim, banked faces of the respectfully silent members of the company, picked out the shapeless, foolish ugliness of Lou Renshaw's face.

Henry Batchelor flinched. He experienced once more that sense of outrage, of personal inconvenience that she had given him at their first meeting and which had stirred in him again

on the night he had spoken to Paget about her. Had Paget remembered? . . . His cue came clearly from the unseen stage, the stage-manager was hastening to his side.

As she was going out of the stage door, later in the evening, the doorkeeper called her back.

"There's a letter for you, miss."

She tore it open carelessly, under the light of the low-hung moon that swung in a vitreous sky.

Suddenly her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Dear Miss Renshaw,
"Mr. Batchelor regrets that he has nothing to offer you for the London engagement. In lieu of the customary fortnight's notice we shall be pleased to add an extra week's salary to your pay-envelope next Friday. With the good wishes and thanks of the management, I am, etc., . . ."

Paget had sickened as he wrote it.

. . . It was very hard to get her breath. After fifteen years, pushed off, without a word of regret or explanation. But that was the theatre. She'd go to the Actors' Union, of course; they might have something for her. . . . Old rag-bag Lou Renshaw . . .

END.



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Motoring Section

The CAR and HOME

Most modern houses are built with a garage, or at least have space for one, and the problem of equipping the motor house is discussed in this article. Many useful hints are given which will enable both the new and old motorist to make the best of his opportunities.

*By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce*

AT first glance the motor-car is rather a means of going away from home than otherwise, but as time passes the car is becoming more and more linked up with home life. The choice of a house, even, depends these days very largely upon whether or not it has garage accommodation, and whether that accommodation is suitable, and it can easily be imagined that the disposal of property of all classes will become more and more difficult if the keeping of a motor-car has not been provided for.

As a matter of fact, of course, this question of storage is one of the most difficult problems which the town dweller has to face, and is an even greater deterrent to more extensive car ownership than heavy taxation and the other burdens under which we are supposed to labour. It is, in fact, a part of the housing problem itself, and observation shows that very few houses other than the smallest of terrace property are being erected in conjunction with which there is not either an actual motor-house, built as an integral part of the dwelling house, or sufficient space at the side for future developments of this nature.

ONE HOUSE ONE CAR.

OF the houses which have been built up some years, many offer this latter facility, although the necessity was possibly not prominently in the mind of the architect, and many a suburbanite is busy with tape measure and lists of car dimensions, trying to reconcile the measurements of the side entrance with the published overall width of the narrowest cars. For such as these, the little 7 h.p. baby cars have come as a boon and a blessing, since very often financial means which will just stretch to the running of an inexpensive and economical car are not sufficiently elastic to include also a weakly garage fee.

In cases where there proves to be sufficient space at the side of the house for the erection of a garage of suitable size for the chosen car, there can be no question as to the rival advantages on the one hand of storing the vehicle at the nearest public garage, and on the other of purchasing a motor house and keeping the car at home. In the early days of motoring a sound weatherproof shed of decent appearance was rather an expensive item to buy, but numerous firms—among them Messrs. Morris Motors—have given the subject a consideration which has resulted in the production in quantity of really pretty and effective little houses at a remarkably moderate price.

It is worthy of note that in the case of the Morris motor-houses, each one being designed to accommodate one or other of the various Morris models, from the tiny Minor up to the commodious Six, if bought at the same time as the car, the price can be included in the general scheme of hire-purchase.

The eventual advantage of this plan is obvious. Where one pays a given sum per week to a public garage, suffering various disadvantages, and at the end of the year having nothing to show for the expenditure, in buying a motor-house by

instalments the weekly expenditure is actually smaller, and at the end of the period payment for garage accommodation ceases altogether.

The development of this one-house-one-car tendency will probably reach proportions of which we do not even dream at the moment, and is undoubtedly one of the most striking features of the age. But one hesitates to contemplate the state of the roads when everyone who can justly be regarded as a potential car owner, on financial grounds, is an actual owner!

TWO-CAR FAMILIES.

IN the meantime, another development is taking place in an unobtrusive fashion, and when—and if—the petrol tax is given full effect in the future we may anticipate still further progress. This is what one might term two-car ownership, in which a small car is used to supplement the larger family vehicle. It can easily be



Those who have two cars will find it more convenient to garage their cars side by side than in tandem.

proved that in certain cases it may be cheaper to have two cars than one, but at least it is much more convenient.

When the head of the family was the only person capable of controlling the car, one vehicle was sufficient; but wives and daughters nowadays are almost equally capable, and having tasted the convenience of using a car for the ordinary shopping expeditions, visiting and so forth, cannot easily be persuaded to forgo the use of the vehicle. And on the other hand, the business man who has become accustomed to drive to and fro between home and office, and to have the car instantly available all day long for any calls he may wish to make, is liable to be equally stubborn! Result, family dissension—for which the purchase of a second car is the only remedy.

Almost invariably that second car will be a much smaller vehicle than the first—probably one of the new baby models. The question then arises in the family as to which vehicle is for the use of whom! The solution of that difficulty, however, seems simple, on the score of economy, convenience and public advantage. The small car must be the one for the regular solus journeys to and from town, except when the head of the family needs to cut a dash among business associates. The considerably smaller petrol consumption of the little vehicle, its handiness in traffic, ease of storage and ample accommodation for a single person are all sound arguments, while the fact that the substitution of a small car for every vehicle in town not carrying more than two people would materially ease the traffic problem is a question of simple mathematics.

There has even been talk of barring certain portions of London to private motor cars, so if we can put farther into the future any serious discussion of such a plan by using cars no larger than are necessary for our needs, we shall have done something for the public good. On the question of economy, it must be clear that the smaller amount of petrol used on the regular journeys to town, which will not be nearly counterbalanced by the limited consumption of the larger vehicle on its short trips about the neighbourhood, will go some way towards payment for the luxury of two-car ownership. In addition, we are imagining that the main part of motor taxation will be paid according to the amount of petrol used, so that there is a further saving there.

EQUIPPING THE MOTOR HOUSE.

THERE is, of course, no real need to argue upon the obvious advantages of having two cars. In many cases, however, the garage difficulty may again crop up. It is possible to solve the problem, where space for the erection of two motor-houses is not available, by building a twin house, in which a certain amount of space is saved, or by having a shed of double length, so that the cars can be stored in tandem, one behind the other. This is less convenient, since it is always the car at the rear which is wanted in a hurry, but it may sometimes prove the only practical method of keeping two cars on the premises.

Where the garage is an actual part of the house, it is almost invariably brick-built, often with one of its walls serving to divide it from, possibly, the kitchen, the warmth of the latter being a great comfort in such weather as we have recently experienced. Even

when an external shed has to be erected, there is no reason why this should clash with the general lines of the house, or be otherwise than decorative. Some excellent designs, suitable for use in conjunction with various styles of architecture, are produced, and beyond that much lies in the possession of an artistic sense by the owners.

HINTS ON DECORATION.

PROTECTION of the woodwork, for instance, is much better carried out with creosote or solignum than with actual paint if economy is any object, and the general drabness of the exterior can be relieved very tastefully—having regard to the decoration of the dwelling house itself—by picking out such items as window frames in light coloured paint. The renewal of the protective coating is both cheaply and easily

performed each year, which is more than can be said if paint is used throughout.

It is highly desirable that both water and electric light should be brought to the motor-house, and in the case of the latter not only a centre roof light should be provided, but a wall socket should be placed in a convenient position so that an inspection lamp can be used for the less accessible parts of the car. It is a little late now to consider the necessity for protecting the water pipe from frost, but this is a matter that should never be neglected. With March winds likely to be with us soon, however, it might be mentioned that door stops should be fitted immediately, and equipped with a strong hook, so that the doors of the garage can be prevented from damaging either themselves or the car in a high wind.

INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS.

ANOTHER necessary addition, which is not generally provided with the motor house as purchased, is plenty of shelves, so that it is not necessary to stock spare tyres, jacks, water and petrol cans and oil drums on the floor, possibly to be run into and spoiled, and certainly to provide irritating obstructions to one's free passage around the car. If it can be arranged, and there is space at the rear of the garage, it is very useful to duplicate the front doors, so that the car can be driven out in either direction. In this case, one would, of course, have the concrete and the drain of the washing place at the rear.

With regard to the hose, some arrangement of support should be made on the walls so that it can be supported without kinking, as a hose merely hung over a nail very quickly perishes. And plenty of hooks or nails should be provided at the edges of the shelves upon which to hang small articles.

Those who are so fortunate as to own houses with existing garages should not take too much for

granted. Unless the house is new, it is very likely that the roof and gutters will well repay a little attention, while any tendency of the building to be less than completely weather-proof should be dealt with at once. While it is true that a car must be capable of withstanding use in all weathers without material damage, there is nothing that causes more rapid deterioration, especially of external appear-



A baby and a larger car are indispensable in families where the head of the house drives to and from his office and his wife requires a car for domestic purposes.

ance, than unnecessary exposure in a leaky motor-house.

THE INDISPENSABLE "COSY."

DURING the recent cold spell, this has been brought home to many of us with some severity, and the fact that still more cars have not been rendered *hors de combat* during the long frost is as much a matter of luck as of judgment!

Many people have no doubt remarked the large number of cars and motor vehicles generally which have been running with steam issuing from their radiators during the cold spell, which, one would have imagined, would have caused the engines to run at a lower, rather than a higher, temperature than usual. These same cars, it may have been noticed, were as often as not fitted with radiator "cosies," the front flap of which was partially lowered to allow the engine to warm up.

The effect of this in a really hard frost appears to have been to concentrate the considerable suction of the fan upon the small area of radiator remaining exposed, with the result that the water in this portion has become frozen despite the warmth in the remainder of the radiator. This has restricted the flow, with the result that the water in the neighbourhood of the cylinders has frozen. This, at any rate, appears to be a reasonable explanation of what at first sight seemed a remarkable phenomenon.

So far as the storing of cars at night is concerned, it is to be hoped that the trouble and the danger are over for this year at least; but in regard to leaky garages, constant exposure to moist atmosphere is liable to have a bad effect on the car—on easy starting, among other things—and it is advisable to take a little trouble to make the motor house as weather-proof as possible.

It is most essential that your steering gear should be overhauled once a year. While it may appear to be in perfectly good order, the danger of any deficiency suddenly arising cannot be over-emphasised. It must be quite obvious that any fault in the steering will lead to serious if not fatal results, and the trouble and expense incurred will not be wasted. It is better that the job should be carried out by experienced hands.

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Getting Ready for the Road

With Easter in four weeks' time motorists are thinking of the road again, and the time has come for overhauling the car and making other preparations for the coming season.

*By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce*

SURELY with the arrival of March we are entitled to look forward to the beginning of the really enjoyable motoring season? We have had such long periods of unenjoyable winter this year that Spring should be of an extra special brand; and now, when the weather is bound still to be a little uncertain and blustery, is the time to begin preparing the car for its season's work. Later, when the warm sunshine—if any—calls, we shall be disinclined to waste time in the garage and underneath the car, with the result that many essential operations may be neglected.

The first thing to be done is the uninteresting work of clearing up after the winter. Chains, if we have had to use them over snowbound roads, must not be kicked into a corner, to rust themselves into a state of uselessness, but should be thoroughly cleansed in paraffin, and after being allowed to drain should be dipped in lubricating oil, wrapped up and put away on a shelf.

Radiator cosies, also, are no longer needed, but if they are not cleaned and packed carefully away they will be too shabby to use when the weather becomes cold again. The same applies to such items as foot muffs and the heavier rugs, which during the winter we merely pitch into the back of the car overnight. It is rather irksome doing all these little things when one is just dying to get at the engine and adjust the tappets—but it must be done.

THE TREATMENT OF HOODS.

WITH the prospect of roaming over Yorkshire fells, or of investigating the claims and photographing the prettiest cottages in England, which we may have discovered in some out-of-the-way spot, we shall probably have begun already to experiment with an open car—those of us who have hoods to furl. In the winter the point has not arisen, since the hood has been up all the time, but now it should be remembered never to fold the hood when it is wet, and always to take care that the original creases are used.

If there is a hood envelope, it is a pity to be in such a hurry to go on that there is not time to spare to put it on; and another little precaution which will go far towards the preservation of the car's appearance is invariably to erect the hood when the car is put away for the night. There is, of course, quite an art in the proper treatment of the hood, and if it is not acquired the process is liable to be rather troublesome, especially on the road with a strong wind blowing. It is worth while to experiment carefully at home in comfort, therefore, and to learn how to avoid, above all things, nipping the material of the hood between the stays.

So far as the preparation of the car itself is concerned, after a long winter's use, when only the absolutely essential attentions will have been given to it, it is almost certain that every part will be the better for examination and adjustment. The sparking plugs, for instance, may appear to be working satisfactorily, but if one

of them is removed after several months' use, it will probably be found that the gap between the points is much greater than it should be, while the porcelain or other insulator and the metal rim are thickly encrusted with carbon deposit. If the plugs are not quite suitable for the particular engine, it may be found that the central electrode has become burnt away, in which case the best remedy is new plugs.

It is worth remembering, when fitting new plugs, that the original gap, as set by the manufacturers, may not be the best for one's own

which will serve for plugs, contact breaker, and the inlet and exhaust valve tappet clearances.

The setting of the latter is a much more critical matter, and the slightest difference from the proper gap will materially affect the performance of the engine. What this gap is must be discovered from the car maker's instruction book, since engines vary a little; but when the task has been accomplished great care should be taken to ensure that the lock nuts are properly tightened up, and also that the tightening process does not alter the setting of the tappet.

In the majority of cases, of course, the adjustment of the tappets will form a part of the general decarbonisation and valve-grinding process which doubtless the engine will need. This

is a task that is not difficult, but since the leading manufacturers of popular cars, such as Morris and Austin, have established a schedule of extremely moderate charges for the general run of service work, to which all their authorised agents adhere, it is just a question whether it is worth while to undertake the decarbonisation one's self. The proper treatment of the engine is a full day's work for the average amateur, and while he may start full of energy and enthusiasm, the arm-and-back-aching task of grinding in the valves is likely to suffer as they flag towards the end of the day.

LUBRICATION.

CLEANING of the engine and the underneath parts of the car will be necessary, and in conjunction with this all the chassis points should be given a thorough lubrication such as they have never had before. Where no spring gaiters are used, it is sometimes necessary to remove the springs and dismantle the leaves altogether, removing any rust there may be, and lubricating them before reassembly. This again is not an altogether easy task, since the leaves are difficult to compress so that the centre bolt and nut can be secured, but at least care should be taken that plenty of the appropriate grease is introduced between the leaves, even though the springs are not removed from the car.

To do this, the car should be jacked up and the chassis supported on packing cases or baulks of wood. When the jack is removed, all weight is taken from the springs, and the leaves can be prised apart for the introduction of the grease. Most of it will be exuded as the metal surfaces come together again, and the surplus should be wiped away.

With regard to the general lubrication of the car, the engine sump is usually maintained in good condition as to both the level and the cleanliness of the oil, but it is to be feared that back axle casings and gearboxes are rather more often neglected. These can be profitably emptied, cleaned out and refilled in preparation for the spring, while the same applies to the steering gearbox. It is as well also to take down all spring gaiters and steering knuckle protectors.

Since the car will necessarily be laid up for a day or so while all these preparations are in progress, it is a good opportunity to send away any of the tyres which have lost their tread pattern to be retreaded.



This England of Ours. Spring brings thoughts of the quiet country lanes and flower-covered cottages in their charming setting. Our picture shows a Morris Minor Saloon in the Cotswolds at Bibury, one of the prettiest villages in England.

engine, since it is becoming usual to make the initial setting correct rather for coil than for magneto ignition. For magneto, the thickness of an ordinary visiting card between the plug points is an effective, though rough and ready, gauge.

VALVE GRINDING.

THE contact breaker of the magneto will probably require truing up and re-setting. Only the very finest of files should be used, while a final surface may be given with the smooth striking material of a match box. Here again there is a "best" setting, although the magneto will operate in spite of considerable divergence from it, but while one is doing the job it is worth while doing it properly, and little metal gauges—"feeler gauges," they are called—can be obtained

Sports Section



Koko, a brilliant 'chaser, may meet his former stable companion....



Mr. Frank Barbour, the former owner of Koko and Easter Hero.



... Easter Hero in the Cheltenham Gold Cup race next week.

WEIGHED IN

Trainers have been working under great difficulties during the frost which must necessarily affect the form of the horses. Caution in betting is recommended.

THE question whether this or that candidate is

sufficiently fit is always a big problem at Lincoln. The "form-book" is of little use as a guide to a horse's chance if he is delivered at the post only half fit. Yet it is to be feared that a goodly proportion of the horses who will contest the Lincolnshire Handicap a week or two hence will not be nearly at their best, in spite of all the trouble to which their trainers have gone to get them into condition. The recent long spell of Arctic weather which we have "enjoyed" is, of course, responsible. Many of the training grounds have been rendered totally unfit for galloping purposes, and some of the trainers have adopted the only alternative course of sending their charges to do their preparation on the seashore sands, perhaps a hundred miles or more from their own quarters.

CAUTION IN BETTING.

MORE than ever, then, is caution advisable when contemplating backing your fancy. In spite of the blandishments of the bookmakers, who every now and again publish a list of prices with suitable variations to suggest "business done," I very much question whether one horse has been seriously backed by its connections, for this very reason. Personally, I would not have a bet until the actual day of the race.

One of the few candidates of which we can feel at all sure of seeing the post at this juncture is Scintillation. Directly I saw the weights for the race, I pointed out that this four-year-old was the pick of the handicap, and that Mr. Penrhyn-Hornby had apparently made a mistake in his assessment. Since then, practically every racing writer in the kingdom has endorsed my opinion, with the result that the bookmakers have installed Mr. Whitburn's horse as one of the favourites.

Scintillation was sent from his quarters in Berkshire to Tenby in Pembrokeshire a fortnight ago to do his training on the sands there under the supervision of his trainer, Mr. Harry Cottrill. No more evidence could be desired that a serious attempt

By "Blackfriar"

to win the race which Cottrill won for the late Mr. James White with Granely in 1922 is again to be made.

Another horse that looks a genuine candidate is Lord Glanely's Capture Him, the mount of Gordon Richards. He finished up a successful season last year by winning the Leicestershire Handicap over seven furlongs when he had behind him Berkeley Bridge, Harpist, Orbidos and the much-discussed Songe. All these he should beat again. It is against him that, in spite of numerous attempts, he has never won over a mile in England, though he did so once during his juvenile days in Ireland where he was bred.

An additional point against him is that he is "aged," and no horse over six years has won the race since Knight of Burghley triumphed nearly 45 years ago. Outside these two facts, Capture Him would seem to have an excellent chance—a modest weight, considering his performance, a first-class jockey and a pull with many of his rivals in the way of fitness by virtue of his hurdling experiences.

CHELTEMHAM GLORIES.

NEWs concerning the Grand National candidates is still scarce. I was interested to read, however, of the transfer of the American "hope," Billy Barton, Harewood, Koko, and one or two others to the more suitable galloping stretches which Tenby affords. I suppose they will remain there now until Liverpool is over. In the meantime, I expect they will all be seen out at Cheltenham where the annual National Hunt meeting opens on Tuesday next.

KOKO v. EASTER HERO.

THE Cheltenham Gold Cup, always a fine race, promises to provide one of the finest spectacles we have had for years, since it is likely to bring into opposition those brilliant 'chasers and erstwhile stable-companions, Koko and Easter Hero. It was about this time last year that Mr. Frank Barbour realised a small fortune by disposing

of the pair, the former to Captain "Freddie" Guest, and Easter Hero to the ill-fated Captain Locwenstein. He is said to have declared that he did not know which was the better as he had never pitted them against each other.

Now Mr. Barbour is not only one of the finest judges of a 'chaser in the country, but is an astute business man. He is also an Irishman. I am therefore inclined to think that was merely a little bit of blarney which in an Irishman we are always ready to forgive.

Week-end Selections.

GATWICK, FRIDAY.

International Hurdle—
Jugo.

Tantivy Steeplechase—
Colliery Band.

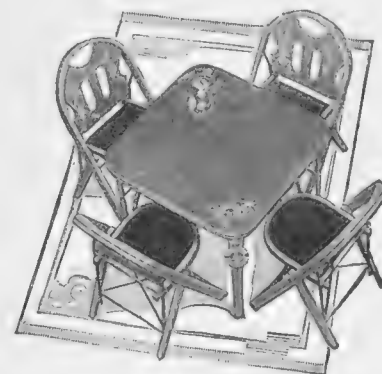
Four Years' Old Handicap
Hurdle—Silver Cord.

GATWICK, SATURDAY.

National Trial Steeple-
chase—Master Billie.

Stayers Handicap Hurdle
—Montpelier.

Rusper Hurdle—
Caramond.



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Why not a Davis Cup for WOMEN?

Lawn Tennis is one of the few games in which women have achieved an equality with men, and the proposal that an international competition on Davis Cup lines should be instituted will receive general support.

By F. GORDON LOWE

IT is extremely satisfactory to hear that the French Federation may soon bring forward the question of a competition for women players which will be run on Davis Cup lines. Time and again the question has been raised, although nothing has yet come of it. Even as far back as 1919 Lady Wavertree, inspired by the wonderful Centre Court struggle between Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Lambert Chambers of that year, offered to present a women's cup, but, for some reason never disclosed, her offer was not accepted.

SUZANNE'S EXAMPLE.

THE rapid growth of women's tennis in every part of the world, undoubtedly influenced by Mlle. Lenglen's example, has been truly remarkable. On visits to Australia and South Africa with teams just prior to the war, I well remember that there was no really first-class woman player in either country. Now both nations have a fine array of talent, and Australia was able to send a team, led by that fine player Miss Akhurst, to Europe last season which had an unbeaten record. It will probably be South Africa's turn, led by Miss Heine, to do likewise this coming summer.

Almost every country in Europe can boast of a strong women's team who keep in regular practice all the year round. It was only the arctic conditions, for instance, which necessitated the match between ourselves and the Denmark ladies at Copenhagen being put off. Then, again, there are evidently other women taking up the game in Spain besides the all-conquering Señorita de Alvarez. At the recent match between the Barcelona Real Club and Queen's, played in the former's unrestful city, two Spanish girls, Señoritas Torras and Fabra, turned out in opposition to Miss Ridley and Mrs. Strawson. The London Club, captained by E. T. Lamb, won by nine matches to five, but most of the credit for this happy result was due to women members of his team!

THE WOMEN OF THE EAST.

NOT only is women's tennis becoming an increasing vogue both from a playing

and a spectacular point of view in this country, on the Continent, in America and our Colonies, but the women of the East, including India and Japan, are slowly but surely taking the game up. Everything, therefore, points to the advisability of throwing the Wightman Cup open for world-wide competition.

At present the now famous cup is competed for annually by England and America. The first competition took place in 1923 and up to date the scores are three matches all. The contest this year will take place during August in New York. Few who saw the packed stands at Wimbledon last season during the closing stages of the Wightman Cup match, when Mrs. Watson and Miss Eileen Bennett were beating Miss Helen Wills and Miss Anderson, could doubt the future possibilities of this competition should it be thrown open to all nations.

The Davis Cup, by the way, began in 1900 in a similar manner as an annual contest between England and America. Mr. Dwight Davis, the donor of the cup, now Minister for War at Washington, hardly realised how this annual contest which he had launched was going to develop! Had he done so, it has since been jokingly stated, the cup would have been hammered in gold instead of

in silver.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

AN amusing story is told by Mr. Wallis Myers concerning Fraülein Aussem and Wilbur Coen, who are playing at Monte Carlo this week. Apparently when this young German-American pair were opposed to Boyd, the Argentine champion, and Mrs. Marriott in the semi-final of the mixed doubles at Queen's Club last summer, they had a lucky escape. Their opponents gained match point and Boyd had a smash which should have brought his side victory. Fraülein Aussem, thinking that this was the end, rushed up to the net to shake hands and to congratulate the conquerors. Instead, however, she found that Boyd's stroke had



Comte de Morpurgo, Italy's Lawn Tennis Champion, with his wife at the Gallia Club, Cannes.

ended in a net cord, which she was just able to reach! The German girl was thus enabled to make the point and, from then on, the luck changed and she and her partner were able to win the match.

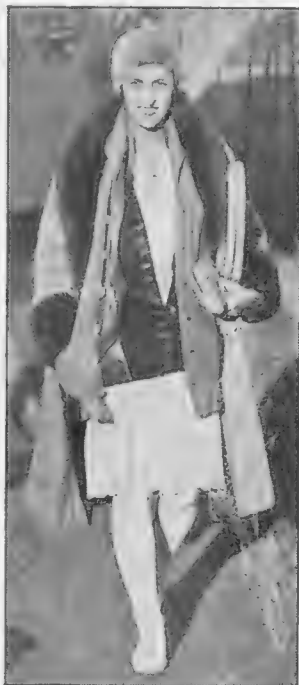
THE END WAS NOT YET.

I CAN remember another occasion when the players concerned did actually shake hands before the end of the match. This happened, of course, in the remarkable encounter between Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and Miss Helen Wills at Cannes in 1926. When within a point of defeat at 5-6 in the second set Miss Wills made a winning drive to Suzanne's forehand line which the latter thought had just pitched out. The French lady champion, possibly

hearing some unauthorised person in the extremely excited crowd shout "out," then rushed to the net and shook hands with Miss Wills, while the umpire, Commander Hilliard, R.N., left his seat; spectators also began to come on the court.

At that instant, however, Lord Charles Hope, who was on the line in question, came up and intimated that he had not called "out" and that therefore the ball was in. The umpire, of course, had at once to order the players back into court to continue. It was a very trying ordeal for both of them. After this incident Suzanne, who was now thoroughly exhausted both mentally and physically, was a little lucky to struggle home at 8-6, especially as Miss Helen Wills, seeming to take a new lease of life, had won the first game on resuming and made the score six all.

Such incidents do not often happen in first class lawn tennis and seem worthy of record as showing how easily misapprehensions may arise on the courts.



Mme. Serpieri, better known to the tennis world as Mlle. Vlasto, arriving at the courts at Cannes.



Two international players who would doubtless represent their countries if a Davis Cup for Women were instituted: Miss Eileen Bennett, Great Britain (left), and Fraülein Hagenauer, Austria.

The SCANDAL of the TOTE

Delay and muddle have characterised the efforts of the Racecourse Betting Control Board to inaugurate the totalisator, while there is a suggestion that political influences are at work to retard its institution on racecourses.

By ADYE MCCARTHY

The well-known Racing Journalist, formerly "ROBIN GOODFELLOW" of "The Daily Mail"

THE ways of the Racecourse Betting Control Board are ponderous and peculiar. Their latest move, the inviting of tenders for all sorts of machinery, presumed to be necessary for the installing of totalisators on racecourses, ensures further delay for a prolonged period.

The public, although tiring of the delay, may find it amusing. To those immediately connected with the business of racing, the matter is of very serious concern. Questions of great importance are kept in a state of ferment, and little or nothing has been done to hasten into operation the Racecourse Betting Act, 1928.

The Control Board started off rather lamely. Sir Reginald Blair, the temporary Chairman, declared that the halting gait was simply prudent stepping, for the Board did not really know the extent of their powers under the Act. Two distinguished

EDUCATING THE PUBLIC.

SOME progress was apparently made when Sir Reginald Blair set out for a Continental tour to study totalisator machines in operation abroad. Sir Reginald returned to these shores presumably much enlightened. The British public required educating on the racecourse to the use of the tote, and he concluded it should be the very thing to start at once to run a pari-mutuel as "a sort of course of instruction."

Now everybody acquainted with the matter knows that the pari-mutuel is the elementary form of machine betting. It has been discarded in other countries—superceded by the more efficient systems which do not depend so much on human agency, and which are practically fraud-proof and fool-proof. The slowness, the inadequacy to modern needs, of the pari-mutuel should be obvious to the merest novice.

To present this outfit to the British racing public "as a course of instruction" preparatory to the introduction of the really efficient thing may well be described as undesirable. In fact, the proposition was another case of finding the official mind as the nursemaid's in adjusting the baby's dress backside front.

Nothing, however, had got farther than the mere opinion stage before Sir Clement Hindley, the Chairman of the Betting Control Board appointed by the Home Office, came from India to take up the new duties. No better man could have been chosen than Sir Clement whose experience as reorganiser and administrator of the Indian railways had earned him well-won distinction.

He has been confronted with innumerable difficulties—some concrete and really puzzling, others created by his expert advisers, and many accruing naturally in the atmosphere of such offices. Six months' work is on record, but we are still unable to guess at the probable date when totalisators shall be operating.

Nor are the racecourse proprietaries feverishly anxious to facilitate the business. Some indeed profess open hostility to the innovation. Certain members of the Epsom and the Doncaster executives are reported not to have had one night's healthy sleep since the revolutionary project was first mooted.

"QUITE SIMPLE."

A MAJORITY of the more important meetings have applied for certificates of approval—the first step to tote installation. The cost of the machinery and the expenses of running it will be undertaken by the Board. The net receipts, after paying all charges, will be divided between the racecourse proprietaries and the Control Board in a proportion already fixed as 60 to 40. What percentage of the gross receipts shall be deducted in the first instance is not yet determined. The better-informed guessers mention 7½ per cent. The Board itself cannot tell with any precision. They have full powers under the Act for financial purposes, and a tentative percentage will first be tried. It should be easy to amend the budgeting later according to the legitimate needs developed.

Business men, viewing the present situation, are apprehensive that the costs will far exceed reasonable amounts. There is a tendency to build up a bureaucratic concern, heavily staffed, and much beyond the needs of a simple job.

The suggestion that tote mechanism is quite simple, "with many a parallel to it in other lines of business," is refreshing in coming from official sources when we are informed that the offices of the Control Board are snowed under by reports from engineers and various experts touching their own and other persons' schemes.

Naturally, owing to their technical training, the engineers exploit, in considered language, the fatal objection to be made on scientific grounds to all plans save their own. A gas expert on cash registers should be heard with respect. So should a man hitherto employed on devices for registering cash on mechanical drums be listened to as an authority on the topical subject of the cause of the recent explosions and upheavals in London streets.

The specifications now advertised show the maze in which the Board has become entangled, guided by "expert" advice. One cannot feel otherwise than amused in speculating on the probable opinions of the Jockey Club members who would be adventurous enough to read the Control Board's advertisements for tenders.



Betting as it is to-day: among the bookmakers at Tattenham Corner, Epsom. Some racecourse authorities profess open hostility to the totalisator.

experts, both K.C.'s, consulted, delivered very diverse opinions. This was not an unusual circumstance for lawyers in screwing down such a weak instrument as the English language to express clearly and concisely a precise intention.

concrete and really puzzling, others created by his expert advisers, and many accruing naturally in the atmosphere of such offices. Six months' work is on record, but we are still unable to guess at the probable date when totalisators shall be operating.

Fancy Lord Derby or Lord Ellesmere feeling obliged to believe that what the Board requires at the moment is a supply of "spare parts"! Spare parts may be necessary later on, if the engineering feat suggested in the specifications take concrete form. Lord Lonsdale, whose practical judgment regarding matters of vital concern to racing outweighs any first class Whitehall Department—or even that at 33, St. James's Street—should have his attention called to the proposed official course, that we might learn from a few swift passing comments his appreciation of the psychology of the men formulating it.

INFLUENCE OF THE BOOKIES.

SINCE it is certain that the totalisator has to be installed, any critic may well ask whether it would not be better to take at once the simple plan of profiting by the many years' experience of other countries and adopt the very best machine already proved efficient rather than waste time in advertising for the constituent parts of a very complicated mechanism ultimately, we assume, to be "assembled" by the Board.

There is a belief in some quarters (unfounded, I hope) that the Control Board is deliberately marking time, slowing down, influenced by the cold snap, and the very serious situation arising from the imminence of the General Election.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, a very popular sportsman, altogether differently built, mentally and physically, to Comrade Saklatvala, or our Pussyfoot Comrade Scrymgeour, says the Labour Party is pledged to fight to the death against the Betting Tax (and incidentally such contraptions as totes and such foreign contrivances). The Party is soldered in alliance with the bookmakers, and the recent success of the bookies in turning the Battersea by-election, following that score at Midlothian, by marshalling voters from the more affluent back streets, gives just reason (God bless 'em) for expecting similar issues elsewhere.

This is a consideration that thinkers on the comic side of things political, fully believe justifies the Control Board in moving with tortoise measured pace in such a situation.

However, the specification for tenders to be answered within three weeks, with its egregious details, gives a clue taken seriously to the business attitude of the Board. The move has taken six months to contrive, so it deserves special scrutiny.

An independent expert will discover nothing to attract a tender from the owner or owners of any up-to-date machine, numbers of which are in operation, notably in Australia, New Zealand and India, and nearer home, at Longchamp, with conspicuous success.

SMALL MARGIN OF ERROR.

QUITE an outstanding feature of the specification is the asking for electric meters on an immense scale as to numbers. For the larger machines such as that worked in France no fewer than 16,000 meters would be required. The expense involved would be enormous, and increase the cost by at least 50 per cent. more than the French outlay.

It is assumed these thousands of meters are needed "as a check on the existing machine"—a preposterous assumption. In running the totalisators for many years the actual errors have worked out at less than twopence halfpenny in every £100, and that estimate included errors made when the electric machine was in its infancy. Each year trifling defects have been

remedied, and the machine brought up to date in every way, so that at present it is as near to perfection as human ingenuity can achieve.

The question was long ago discussed in Australia of making the machine absolutely perfect in eliminating the trifling error, but, when it was found that the cost of installing the check meters at Randwick alone would be about £15,000, and that the checking staff required would cost an extra of £30 to £50 a day, the project was dismissed.

Apart from the extra expense, there was an overwhelming contingency in that the time required to make the check would be so long that the next race would be about decided before the check had been concluded. Therefore, the whole matter was waived, and no further reference has ever been made to it since.

If twopence halfpenny per £100 is the maximum of the error, or the loss sustained—a very generous estimate, by the way—the amount is practically negligible. It could not even come to anything like the mere interest on the money required for the installation of the checking and safeguarding devices—to say nothing about the delay and expense of checking the separate counters.

ILL-INFORMED "EXPERTS."

I HAVE submitted the specification to an Engineer who thoroughly understands totalisators. He gives the emphatic opinion that anybody who had ever seen a tote



Sir Clement Hindley, chairman of the Betting Control Board appointed by the Home Office—a leading supporter of the totalisator.



Sir Reginald Blair, who has made an extensive study of totalisator machines as they are operated abroad.

functioning on a racecourse, and who understood the necessity for quickness of operation, as well as the necessity for working on reasonable running expenses, could never dream of putting in machinery such as the Control Board invites tenders for.



Mechanical Betting. A general view of the pari-mutuel at work in the Stadium Club. The public will soon be fully educated in the use of the Tote.

To embark with such a meter scheme would be fatal. In fact, the conviction is forced on any well-informed observer that the "experts" who have suggested the adventure to the Control Board know little or nothing about the matter. Or is their apparent lack of intelligence in insisting on this unnecessary expense due to a deliberately clearing of the way for the establishment of discredited pari-mutuels to the exclusion of the fully equipped electric machines?

It is clear from the experience gained abroad that the present advisers of the Board of Control in asking for these utterly unnecessary meters do not understand what a racecourse needs, know nothing of the racecourse temperament, and have little more than an infantile knowledge of what an electric totalisator should be. They are closing their eyes to the value of the electric machine in operation at Longchamp, vouched for as a marvel of efficiency by the French Jockey Club authorities.

AMAZING PROPOSALS.

CALLING for tenders, too, for 80-horse indicators is very foolish—so weak as to impel us to believe that the proposers of such a scheme are completely ignorant of the business required from a first class totalisator.

In such circumstances one naturally expects further amazing proposals from the Control Board. And the question at once arises: how far shall we progress with the Board in its blind mood as to these huge expenses?

The whole business does not seem to have advanced one iota for months and no notice has been taken of experience which has been gained in countries where the totalisator is already in being.



Blame Film and nothing else for dull discoloured teeth

THE greatest charm is a lovely mouth — and gleaming, pearl-white teeth that make your smile attractive. Smiles revealing dull, discoloured teeth repel. Others cannot forgive what is now known to be lack of cleanliness.

No matter how hard you brush, your teeth may still be unattractive. It has recently been discovered that 9 times out of 10, dingy "off-colour" teeth are covered with a film that ordinary brushing fails to remove successfully. When—by a new way—film is removed, teeth take on a brilliant whiteness that's amazing. You are invited to try it now.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel this dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from food and smoking.

Ordinary brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it in perfect safety to enamel.

Remove film by this new method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step towards a winning personality. Take it—get a tube to-day.

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Brit. 1/3/29

Brighter Bridge

An effort to improve
the Average Player's
Game

By G. H. W. Ramsey

It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realise, however, that a small inducement lends added zest to the solution of problems; and we therefore offer five free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge problem. Solutions must be received by the first post on the Friday following the publication of the problem. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final.

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than the first post on the Friday following publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM X.

- ♠ J, 9, 7, 4.
- ♥ Q, 9, 6, 5, 2.
- ♦ J, 9.
- ♣ 8, 3.

North	
West	East
South	

- ♠ A, K, Q, 3.
- ♥ 10.
- ♦ 6.
- ♣ K, Q, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2.

The bidding:

EAST.	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.
No	1 C.	1 D.	No
No	1 S.	2 D.	No
2 H.	3 C.	3 D.	No
No	4 C.	No	4 S.

West doubles and leads King and Queen of Diamonds. How should South continue the hand?

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VII.

One great mistake many competitors made in placing the cards in this problem was in ascribing the King, Queen of Spades to West and the Ace of Clubs to East. Another somewhat prevalent error was in reading East for K, Q, J, 2 of Spades.

Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in many solutions, however, and the winning solutions, though they were not all correct, were carefully assessed and the awards based on the worth of the reasons given for any line of play.

In point of fact, the 2 of Spades was led by East from K, Q, 2—a brilliant if unconventional lead—and the Ace of Clubs was West, together with the Queen ten to four Hearts.

Taking Trick 2 with the Spade Ace, a trick is created in Diamonds, West being marked with the King. On West's cover, North ruffs and leads back a Heart, won by

South with the Ace. The Jack of Diamonds affords North a discard of the last Heart and a small Heart is led and trumped by North. The King of Clubs is then led. East does not cover—for the best of reasons!—but South trumps, leads another low Heart, trumped by North and overtrumped by East. East then makes his top Spade and shuts up shop. South makes 4 Spades.

THE "CLASS B" NO TRUMPER.

Some weeks ago I referred to the "Class B" No Trumper of Mr. Work—bid on Two, powerful suits—Spades A, K, 10; Hearts A, Q, J, four small diamonds, and three small clubs. In the first place, if your partner does not guard the minors, your No Trumper will go upon the rocks for as many minor tricks as the opposition holds. And no sane opposition is going to bid minors against a No Trumper.

On such, I personally recommend the extremely unorthodox bid of: One Trick in the longer minor suit. Your partner will be in one of three positions: (a) he must deny the suit; (b) he will improve the suit; (c) he can support the suit.

(a) If your partner has a hand on which he must deny the Diamonds, he will inevitably deny it into Clubs. In this case, you can bid a secondary No Trumper.

(b) If your partner can improve the call, he will bid a major or No Trump. He must, therefore, have a Club trick, and, unless his left-hand adversary holds the Diamonds solid, they will not be led. If he bids a major (as he should even on a light hand) he will be in exactly the same position as if he took out the No Trumper you might have bid. If he bids No Trumps, the same result is attained as if you had bid it.

(c) If he can support the suit, he will have at least four cards with a couple of honours and you will come to no harm.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

For Competition No. 7, the prize winners are: T. Barbour, 147, Barry Road, S.E.22; H. D. Lucas, 4, Park Avenue, Bedford; Mrs. Rosamond Lawrence, Boar's Hill, Oxford; Mrs. S. Milner, Zareba, St. Ives, Cornwall; Cecil F. Bray, Walton, near Rugby.



Sport by the Sea, on Land and on Water



As the result of the recent severe weather, racehorse trainers have been unable to use their usual training grounds. Captain J. R. Renwick, the Malton trainer, has taken his charges to Filey sands.

Good advice to Northern riders in the Southern Motor Cycle tria, which was held over a 54 miles course in Kent. The going was very bad owing to the rapid thaw which had set in.

The Cambridge crew at Goring.



A mascot which did not bring luck. Ireland's mascot being introduced to the Scottish skipper before the International "Soccer" match, in which Scotland overwhelmed Ireland by 7 goals to 3.



The welcome lemon. Muddy Rugby players enjoy refreshment at half-time in the Wales v. France match at Cardiff, which was won by the home team by 8 points to 3, after a gruelling and stubbornly fought game.

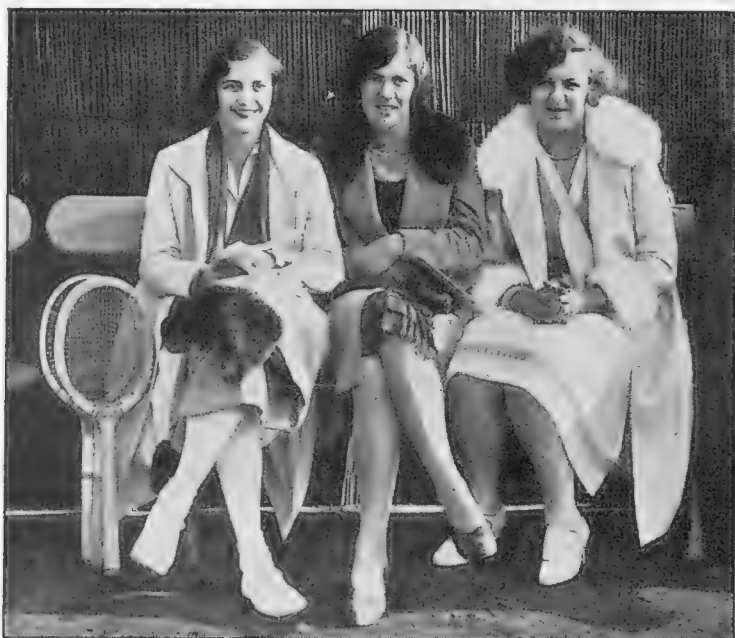


The record crowd at Dublin, when Scotland beat Ireland at "Rugger" by 16 points to 7, was not easily controlled, and the persuasive powers of the referee, had to be requisitioned to help the police.

Women Must . . . Play— and sometimes Watch



Girl hockey enthusiasts cheer the Scottish ladies in their match against Wales at Dunfermline, when the Principality won by 1 goal to none, making their third win in twenty-one matches.



Northern lacrosse players with their mascot at the North v. East match played at Heaton Mersey, near Manchester.

Three tennis stars watch the International Tournament at Beaulieu-sur-Mer: Miss Eileen Bennett, Miss Joan Fry and Miss Betty Nuttall. The latter beat Miss Fry in the final of the Women's Singles.



Lady lacrosse players jumping for the ball in the match between North and East at Heaton Mersey.



Mud was the order of the day in the Southern Motor Cycle Trial. Miss B. Lemitte ploughs her way through Coopers Wood, near Wrotham



Prepared for the worst. Ladies were prominent among the spectators who saw Wales's "Rugger" win over France at Cardiff.



The Shepherd and his Mate

By E.T. BROWN

The shepherd's life has been no sinecure during the recent frost and, in spite of every care, many lambs have perished from cold.

IF your path ever takes you over the long stretches of the South Downs, or the remote Scottish Highlands, one picturesque and romantic figure will invariably catch your eye. At all seasons of the year, always alone except for his dog, the shepherd stands, as it were a sentry on duty, as he has done for countless generations, and maybe as he will for generations to come.

He is, as a rule, a type of man born to the job. For centuries his forbears have kept their sheep, and this in itself distinguishes him from others of his countrymen who live by the soil. Being so much alone with his sheep and with nature he has gained a knowledge of nature itself far removed from the ordinary, a knowledge of the habits of birds and beasts, a knowledge of flowers and of weather.

What an absorbingly interesting story he could tell, if it were possible to induce him to impart it. But his very solitude renders him chary of speech, and it is not often that one can get more than a monosyllabic reply to any question.

THE LAMMING SEASON.

MOST of us are inclined to picture the shepherd under the pleasant conditions of an English summer's day, lying out on the hillside, smoking his pipe, and enjoying nature. But there is a reverse side to the picture.

The early part of the year, which is very often the worst, is perhaps the time of the greatest anxiety and the longest hours for the shepherd, for on his vigilance alone depends the safety of the newborn lambs. Whether, therefore, his duty lies on the English hills and dales or the more remote and rugged mountains of Scotland and Wales, he often suffers the greatest hardships, and not infrequently lays down his life for his sheep.

When the snow lies deep on the mountains, with drifts obscuring the passes and mountain paths, and when the blinding snowflakes wipe out each footprint as it is made, most men, whatever their calling, are sitting in comfort by their firesides. Then it is that the shepherd is on his rounds, seeing that his flock is safe, and that the ewes and newly born lambs are in such shelter as can be provided in the bleak places.

Generally this means driving the flock down from the hills to the valleys below, and it is easy to conceive the difficulties, in the great blizzards and storms which sometimes sweep the colder parts of Great Britain, of getting a large number of ewes together, and bringing them to safety when scarcely a yard of the path can be seen on account of the drifting snow.

Many a hill shepherd has perished in the noble attempt to save his sheep from being overwhelmed in a drift. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, has left it on record that in one great storm over seventeen of his brother shepherds lost their lives after unavailing attempts to save their flocks.

To most of us the sheep seems to be a singularly

Those who know the shepherd on a quiet summer's evening and envy him his peaceful life seldom think of the hardships he endures during the winter months, especially in the lambing season.

stupid animal. "As silly as a sheep," or "alike as a flock of sheep," are phrases one often hears. Yet to the shepherd each particular animal possesses an individuality of its own, and he knows the various characteristics of his charges. Some ewes, like human beings, possess highly strung temperaments, and have to be managed with great patience and care. Others show a boldness which leads them often to defy even the sheep dog.

THE SHEPHERD'S MATE.

THE proper care and management of sheep, especially during the winter months, would be impossible single-handed. It is here that the sheep dog comes into the picture. He is almost as wonderful as his master in devotion to duty. Of his intelligence there is no question. Those of us who have witnessed some of the great sheep dog trials which take place every year cannot fail to be filled with admiration at the pitch of perfection to which their training has been brought. In penning and driving sheep, separating them into bunches, and driving each bunch into the appropriate fold or enclosure they display almost human intelligence. Worked by signs and by a whistle a highly trained dog is worth his weight in gold to his master.

If there is one thing more than another which strikes one in a shepherd's life it is the extraordinary affinity between the man and his dog. While most dogs regard their masters as the centre of their lives, they have other interests and a kindly welcome and wag of the tail for other human beings.

To the sheep dog his master is more than this. He is the one and only being in the universe. Seldom can a stranger get even a glance from him.

THE TINKLE OF THE BELLS.

IN years gone by the shepherd was a great authority on sheep-bells, for no flock was considered to be complete unless it possessed its bells. Now one can wander for miles over the Downs or mountain slopes and rarely hear that musical, haunting tinkle which was one of the chief pleasures of a walk through deserted country.

When shepherds used to meet together much of their talk was of "clucks" and "canisters." Ancient sets of bells were greatly treasured and were passed from father to son as heirlooms. Now, alas! too often have they been purchased by collectors and are used as gongs to summon the family to meals in a modern villa.

AS IT WAS YESTERDAY.

The rush and stress of the present day has passed the shepherd by. New inventions and modern machinery in agriculture have affected him not at all, alone of all those who live on the land. So he remains, a relic of a bygone age, with just the characteristics of his forbears, slowness of thought and speech, promptness in time of need, and, through all, devotion to duty.

Post Time is Adventure Time!

By Anita Richmond

"You're very excited, Norah. What's the matter?"

"It's time the postman came."

"But—"

"Ah, there he is." Norah jumped to her feet and ran to the front door. When she returned she bore a letter which she flourished triumphantly in her friend's face.

"It's quite an adventure nowadays," she exclaimed.

"I don't understand," said Marjorie. "Besides, that letter isn't for you. It's addressed to Miss Blanche—"

"My pen name. This letter's from an editor and—". She tore open the envelope. "Yes, there's a cheque. Ten beautiful guineas."

"For heaven's sake explain, Norah. Don't be so tantalising."

Norah sank into a chair, her eyes bright with excitement. "I'm a real live authoress, Marjorie. Really I am. I've been writing now for over a year, and I've made—simply pounds. You wouldn't believe it." She pointed across the room. "See that bookcase? That cost me three hours' work—if it can be called work. Really it's the most fascinating hobby imaginable."

"But you, Norah!" exclaimed the other in amazement, "Why you never—"

"I know. That's the wonderful thing about it. I never dreamt I could do it, although I always longed to be able to. One day I saw an advertisement of a correspondence course in article and story writing, and sent for a copy of the prospectus."

"And you joined?"

"Eventually I did. I doubted my ability to write; but the Course people were so friendly and helpful in their letters that I plucked up courage and enrolled."

"I don't believe in those correspondence courses," said Marjorie, shaking her head.

"I didn't till I learnt more about this one. My dear, you wouldn't believe the trouble they take. I hadn't the foggiest notion how I should even start an article before I joined, yet two months afterwards the Director of Studies wrote and said that my last exercise would be up to standard if I revised it in a certain way, and he gave me a list of papers to send it to."

"Well?"

"The first paper bought it. I got two guineas. Since then I've sold nearly everything I've written."

"It's perfectly wonderful, Norah. I wish I could do it; but then, writers are born, not—"

"Rubbish! It's a matter of training. If you can write a good letter you can learn to write 'copy' for the papers—I'll tell you what I'll do, Marjorie, I'll write and get the Institute's new prospectus for you."

"The Institute?"

"The Regent Institute, Palace Gate."

"But I couldn't afford the fee, Norah."

"It's really quite reasonable, and you can pay it in instalments. You might get it back in no time. I did within five months. Do let me get that prospectus for you."

"I'll think about it."

"Take my advice, Marjorie, and act now. I wish I hadn't waited so long. I'd have earned pounds more."

"All right, Norah," Marjorie rose to her feet. She was quite enthusiastic by this time. "Let's send for it now, dear."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

LEARN TO WRITE

Earn While You Learn

Many striking parallels to the case of Norah are to be found in the records of the Regent Institute. Some students have earned the fee *several times over* while taking the postal tuition in Journalism and Short Story Writing. One pupil reported having sold 55 articles within ten months of enrolment.

Cut out and post the following coupon NOW, or write a simple request for the booklet addressed to The Regent Institute (Dept 289), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 289), Regent House, Palace Gate, London, W.8

Please forward "How to Succeed as a Writer" (free and post free), which describes the openings for new contributors, and the special advantages of your postal training.

Name

Address

NATURE HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES!

Many thousands of people are Influenza and Cancer susceptibles because they have been futilely searching for health in useless drugs.

HEALTH IS NOT TO BE FOUND IN USELESS DRUGS, BUT IN NATURE.

This was realised by the founders of

MAXALDING, THE WORLD-FAMOUS METHOD OF DRUGLESS HEALING

when it was being compiled and placed at the disposition of the public in 1909. They insisted that the mind should control the body, and taught their pupils and patients the simple fact that their own bodies contain all the organs and chemicals necessary for the establishment and maintenance of health. Maxalding inculcates a scientific use of the perfect apparatus provided by Nature, and by its means tens of thousands of ailing persons have been restored to health. Maxalding has during the last twenty years published more unsolicited testimonials than all the other teachers of physical culture combined.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE CANNOT ALL BE WRONG!

Below are a few of these happy human documents, all guaranteed genuine and unsolicited under forfeit of £100.

NOT TOO OLD AT 87½.

A Gentleman (Retired Civil Servant) wrote on February 1st, 1929:—

"Thank you for exercises 'B' and 'C.' I like them all and find no difficulty in mastering them. Please send me some more."

BOWEL-ACTION REGULAR.

A Lady, aged 32, wrote on February 2nd, 1929:—

"I enjoy doing the exercises. I find I now weigh 7 stone, an increase of 4 lbs. The bowel-action is more regular."

REWARD OF SELF-HELP.

A Lady, aged 52, wrote on November 21st, 1928:—
"I am suffering from Parkinson's disease, and I have not been able to leave home for more than two years. There is a general stiffness in the body which renders it difficult to move."

This Lady began Maxalding on December 6th, 1928, and wrote on February 1st, 1929:—

"I can report progress. The limbs are freer and I can walk much better with a little assistance. Thanking you for your kindness."

NO COLD THIS WINTER.

A Gentleman (Joiner), aged 28, wrote on February 9th, 1929:—

"I can report a steady improvement all round, both in health and physically; i.e., Absence of constipation and also the absence of colds. Other winters it has been one cold on top of another all the time. This winter I have had no cold and do not fear catching one now."

CONSTIPATION CURED.

A Gentleman (House Decorator), aged 23, wrote on February 5th, 1929:—

"It is now six weeks since I started your course and I can honestly say there is a decided improvement with regard to the constipation. I have not much difficulty in obtaining the desired action every day."

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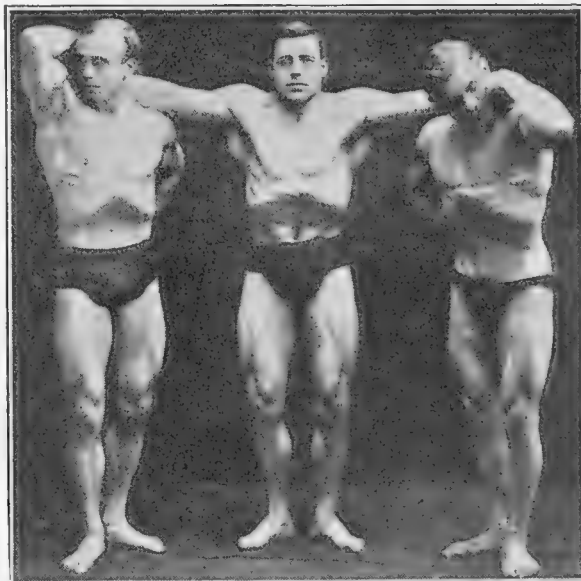
which is the official organ of the
"NEW HEALTH SOCIETY"
and edited by

SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE, Bart, C.B.

Mr. A. M. Saldo has been restoring physical fitness to people all over the world through the means of his postal courses. His work and close association with the medical profession makes him emphatic in his condemnation of people who neglect a periodical medical examination. "Prevention is the only cure for many malignant diseases and no man or woman over forty years of age should neglect to make a periodical visit to the medical adviser for a thorough examination," is Mr. Saldo's statement and he is materially helping in the great combined efforts of the medical profession and the various authorities and societies to make 33 people fit.

Our readers who visited the New Health Exhibition will probably remember the excellent demonstration of muscle control given by Mr. Saldo and his son, and many realised for the first time the number of muscles in their body to keep fit in addition to those in their arms!

The greatest aids to health are appropriate diet and exercise and Mr. Saldo will willingly explain the various exercises, demonstrated at the Exhibition, to all who require further particulars.



An interesting group, showing (left) Monte Saldo performing simultaneous control of the biceps, *Serratus Magnus*, diaphragm, thighs and calves; Maxick (centre) performing simultaneous control of *Latissimus Dorsi*, diaphragm, split abdominal control (the most difficult of all control feats), and control of thighs and calves; and a pupil (right) performing the identical controls of Monte Saldo. This photograph was published in 1911, and the three gentlemen depicted therein are even better physically to-day than then, and are all in perfect health.

A MEDICAL PRACTITIONER'S APPROVAL.

A Medical Practitioner wrote on October 9th, 1928:—

"I have had good reports of your system from members of my own profession. I have had experience of other systems and have not been impressed. The exercises which appeal to me—and for my own individual case—are those which deal with the abdominal muscles for constipation and the effects of a sedentary life; respiratory exercises for thoracic development, and those which especially aid digestive weakness with the usual sequelae; thinness, fatigue, etc."

From the same Doctor, at the conclusion of treatment, letter dated January 13th, 1929:—

"In reply to your letter of the 11th instant, I thank you for the exercises. I think I have successfully mastered them all so far and find them simple and beneficial."

INVESTIGATE MAXALDING NOW BY LETTER, POSTCARD OR COUPON ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE.

(If the coupon is used, please delete unnecessary items; add your name, address, age and occupation).

By return of post or mail you will receive a copy of a 14,000-word, illustrated, explanatory treatise, entitled

NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH

(published at 1s., but free to readers of BRITANNIA), together with my personal diagnosis.

The whole free of cost, postage or liability.

MR. A. M. SALDO (Dept. 113)
14, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

BENEFICIAL RESULTS AT 77.

A Gentleman (Solicitor), aged 77, wrote on January 14th, 1929:—

"I have now continued your exercises for two weeks. I find them excellent. Their results are very beneficial. Please send me the second instalment."

HEAD COLDS VANISHED.

A Gentleman (Electrician), aged 27, wrote on February 6th, 1929:—

"I have benefited very much in health. My head colds have completely vanished and my physique has improved beyond all expectations."

FEEL SPLENDIDLY FIT.

Lady, aged 37, wrote on February 5th, 1929:—

"I feel splendidly fit and well. I continue to have a good bowel-action daily. During the last six months I have gained 5 lbs. 1 oz. in weight and am improving my physique daily. What you have done for me is wonderful and I shall have much pleasure in telling my friends the reason of my improvement and in recommending Maxalding most highly. Wishing you great success in your good work."

BETTER BOWEL-ACTION.

A Gentleman (Insurance Agency Inspector), aged 39, wrote on January 23rd, 1929:—

"I am sending you cheque for balance herewith. You will of course be interested to hear that I have benefited from Maxalding; Nature's Own Way. My health has been considerably better, a quicker and better bowel-action being accomplished. My weekends especially being brighter, and sleep more restful."

GENERAL IMPROVEMENTS.

A Gentleman, aged 29, wrote on February 2nd, 1929:—

"I have derived much benefit from your exercises and am looking forward to the remainder. My trouble with constipation has been greatly relieved, and I have also put on weight in addition to increasing my chest measurement by 1½ inches."

COUPON

To Mr. A. M. SALDO (Dept. 113),

14, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

Please send me free of cost, postage or liability, your 14,000-word, illustrated, explanatory treatise, entitled:

NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH,

and your free diagnosis.

1. I suffer from and desire to be cured of—

Constipation	Stomach Weakness
Indigestion	Lumbago
Headaches	Rheumatism
Biliousness	Obesity
Nervous Debility	Susceptibility to Colds
Lung Weakness	Lack of Self-Confidence
Liver Sluggishness	Dizziness when Stooping
Fatigue	Lack of Physical Development

2. I desire to secure great nervous energy.
3. I desire to secure great speed and endurance.
4. I desire to secure great strength and muscular development.

NAME

ADDRESS

Occupation..... Age.....

CORRESPONDENCE

Union Jack or Red Flag?

Mr. J. H. Thomas seems to have forgotten the activities of many prominent members of the Labour Party during the war when he claims, in your issue of February 15th, that their self-sacrifice and love of country were equal to that of any other section of the community. Has he forgotten what he said at Cardiff in opposing compulsory service in November, 1916? What about the activities of the Independent Labour Party, and the Leeds Conference of 1917 when an attempt to form soldiers' and workmen's councils was made?

The Labour Party appear to prefer the Red Flag to the national emblem.—HISTORIAN.

The particular party spoken of by Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., do not claim the Union Jack as their exclusive emblem, but they do regard it as the National Flag of the Empire.

On the other hand the party of which he is such a shining light are divided, and rather uncertain which is the National Flag. If the Red Flag is, then let them say so; they seem to regard it as having a greater call for their worship.—GEORGE ROGERS.

The Merchant Navy.

The writer of the article "The Merchant Navy," in your issue of February 15th, should not deplore the decline of the physical and mental condition of the masters and mates in this country's merchant ships. A visit to Trafalgar Square should enlighten him of the fact that even before the "great days of sail" to which he refers, a frail little seaman, handicapped by the loss of an eye, was able to control a large fleet without the bullying tactics which became so common in the later days of sailing ships.

There are thousands of certified mates and masters out of employment and your contributor could assist his brother seamen by writing of the need of improvement in the conditions of service and remuneration so that the best type of man will be available in the future to maintain the tradition of the Red Ensign.—CHARLES HORNE, *Master Mariner*.

What a Roman Catholic Is.

What is a "Roman Catholic?" Simply one who is in faith, in communion, and unity with the See of Rome, which is the one undivided Catholic Church and therefore can have no branches.

It is true the name Roman Catholic came into being after the so-called reformatations. There were other Churches set up in Europe and Asia besides the Church of England claiming to be Catholic, and thereafter it became necessary to be explicit and use the name Roman Catholic. This qualification, however, did not alter the teachings of the Church of Rome and of this Church were the priests, most noble Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen and Irishmen who for 300 years kept the faith alive in this country and whom your correspondent designates the "Italian Mission."

They were not Italians, and there never was an Italian Church. But from these premises is said to come the term Roman Catholic. No comment on this reasoning is necessary.

The plain fact of history remains; there was but one Church founded by Christ and the seat of jurisdiction of that Church was set up in Rome in Apostolic times. The people of this country always accepted the faith of this, the Catholic, Church until the sixteenth century. So it is plain the cathedrals were built by our Catholic forefathers, in faith and communion with Rome.

Sufficient has been said to show that the faith of our Catholic forefathers was the same as the faith of Catholics to-day. But if it pleases some to call those in communion with Rome, Roman Catholics, it probably does little harm. Also it

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

is shown the cathedrals built up to the time of the Reformation were built by Roman Catholics.—J. F. M.

Your correspondent, Mr. G. E. Tarbutt, like a great many more uninitiated inhabitants of our little island, believes in the straight line of the "Church by law established," and overlooks the decided "right angle" move after Henry's "brain fever."

If, as he states, the term Roman Catholic can only apply in a post-Reformation sense to the followers of the Italian mission settled in this country after that historic event, then I know one great county of England which is a veritable hotbed of "foreigners."—"A LANCASHIRE LAD."

Farming in Australia.

I read with great interest an article by Commissioner Lamb, Director of the Salvation Army Migration and Settlement Work, on "the problem of Imperial migration."

As an independent migrant to Western Australia, with previous farming experience in England and a small amount of capital, I consider that previous farming experience or training is an essential, together with really good physique and a capacity for hard work and long hours. I may illustrate this by the fact that I am at present doing roughly twelve hours' actual work a day for six days a week, though the hours are longer during harvest time.

For the good worker the wages here are better than in England, the average being 40s. to 50s. per week as well as keep, which means that a single man can save, say, 30s. per week. If he is very frugal and hard-working, a single man can accumulate in a few years enough to start a virgin plot on his own, but he has a long and arduous struggle with such small capital to get on his feet. The Agricultural Bank does fine work in advancing loans as the work of development goes on, but charges 7 per cent. interest.

Most men I have met consider it very difficult now to get a virgin block of land, as one has to waste so much time and money attending sittings of Land Boards.

To the married man with only very small capital I should suggest that, if possible, he comes out himself to start, to see if he likes the life, and nominates his wife if satisfied. The only other thing I will say as regards married people coming here, is that they must bear in mind that, to the women in particular, the bush life is very isolated, and the hours of work on a farm are from sunrise to sundown all the year round.

To buy an improved block in the wheat belt necessitates a capital of, say, £1,000, to start in a humble way. This sum would cover a deposit on purchase price, and finance the first year on a 1,000 acre block, and it is assumed that purchaser would do all labour himself, except at harvest time.—F. E. OWEN (*Perth, W.A.*).

The Benefits of Fascism.

It is surprising to find Fascism classed with Socialism and Bolshevism by a correspondent. So little reliable information seems to reach the British public, even after the admittedly successful Italian experiment, that, in the minds of many, Fascism is considered as a brand of Socialism and as an enemy to Capitalism.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Fascism encourages and supports private enterprise to the utmost limit, provided that it is not directed against the interests of the State. It is this last provision that distinguishes it from the orthodox British political parties.

Recognising no class distinctions, the Fascist State offers equal protection to the employer and employed.

It is useful to reflect that Italy has now practically no unemployment, in spite of a rapidly increasing population, has an ever-increasing industrial prosperity and national prestige. Is it not permissible to suggest that the reason for this renaissance is the adoption of a political system that places the commonweal above party or class, and gets things done?—COLIN ROLLS.

British Products Overseas.

The Empire Marketing Board has conducted a wonderful campaign in aid of Empire-grown produce in the home papers, but isn't it time some of this advertising was diverted to the overseas papers with the idea of securing reciprocity on the part of the people who are now benefiting from this splendid work?

Isn't it time that the attention of the dweller overseas was drawn to the fact of your million unemployed—all potential consumers of Empire-grown produce if only the man overseas would play the game as well by the Old Country as she is playing by him?

Over a year ago the Empire Marketing Board very courteously informed me, when I suggested that part of this advertising fund would be well spent in overseas propaganda, that the Act of Parliament limited its disbursement within the United Kingdom.

Even a tithe of the amount, placed at the disposal of H.M. Trade Commissioners overseas, would wake folk up to the fact that reciprocity is a bonny game, and could only still further stimulate home demands for their particular products. So now, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, get busy and amend this Act of Parliament and so reduce the saddest sight in the old land, to vanishing point—the tragic queue of unemployed—who would be working full time if all the orders that go at present to the States or Continent were placed with British manufacturers.—FRANK BOWERMAN.

Scientific Safeguarding.

In reply to Sir Stanley Machin, I have to state that free traders are quite aware economic values change—they always do, and most so after wars—but economic principles don't. Britain is only undergoing a magnified condition of what has happened after all past wars for centuries, and political economy is full of the innumerable instances of the folly and danger of rushing to tariffs to meet the situation. The tariffs of to-day are the bullionists and materialists of past centuries. Until politicians are disbelieved more and economists are consulted, Britain is sure to pay for her folly of tariffs.

We are making a tariff war, and we must pay the penalty. We asked for reparations, and at the same time we ask for these to be kept out. The excess of imports summarised are (1) interest earned by British investments abroad—at least £2,500 millions; (2) earnings of British banks and insurance companies, and (3) earnings of British shipping—probably not under £90 millions. If these are to be kept out it means the annihilation of British shipping. At what price will the manufactured goods then be? No one can pretend to say that the curtailment of imports in protected America, France, or Australia, has been followed by a marked expansion of their export trade. A fundamental basis of international trade is that you cannot sell without buying.—A. G. NEWELL, M.D.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

NOWADAYS the appearance of the annual report of the British South Africa Company does not arouse the same enthusiasm, as it did before the war, in the Kaffir market's halcyon days. Two decades ago the name of the Chartered Company—to give the short title—excited the imagination with visions of boundless wealth.

"Buy the shares and lock them away for your children," was the advice then tendered by brokers to clients on the look out for future capital appreciation. Cynics suggested for grandchildren.

But after all those years the Chartered Company has settled down as a solid and progressive enterprise. The sovereign rights conferred by its charter proved an expensive burden, and since the administration of Southern Rhodesia has been transferred to responsible government the company has been free to develop its enormous territory without the handicap of a large annual expenditure of a non productive character.

The settlement with the British Government in 1923 is now past history. I may just mention that the company accepted 3½ millions in full discharge of its claims in respect of administrative deficits incurred in Southern Rhodesia. A sum of 5s. a share was returned to the shareholders, thus reducing the nominal (or par) value of the shares to 15s. each. That explains the odd denomination which may have puzzled you.

TO-DAY the Chartered Company is just a great commercial enterprise with its activities centred upon the agricultural, mineral, and industrial development of its enormous territories. Much of Rhodesia is richly endowed by nature with attributes fitting it to be a splendid field for the exercise of the primitive industries of mankind.

By reason of its royalties the company stands to benefit from the copper discoveries in Northern Rhodesia. Its interests as mineral owners will thus grow in importance. In Southern Rhodesia, too, there is a big future for the asbestos and chrome industries. But this is only one side of the picture. The company has a large stake in the Rhodesian Railways, the receipts of which should expand with the country's development. I mention these matters as facts of utmost significance to investors.

SOURCES OF REVENUE.

COMING to the general features presented in the Chartered Company's latest accounts, it should be noted that the main source of current revenue is from the railways and other investments. Some years must elapse before the mining royalties attain figures in keeping with the importance of Rhodesia's mineral wealth.

Meanwhile for a few years at least, holders of Chartered shares must be content with dividends of from 10 to 12½ per cent. Past year's net profit amounted to £569,920 and the dividend of 1s. 6d. (10 per cent.) per share of 15s., absorbs £550,270.

Now as Chartered shares at 38s. only yield about 4 per cent. on the purchase price it is obvious that the people who are buying them are doing so on the company's potentialities. The shares, of course, are virtually a "gilt-edged" speculation, if I may coin

war level? Costs are disproportionately high. So that's the rub.

Fortunately, British shipping is efficient and up to date, thanks to the replacement of a considerable amount of old tonnage. It has been found possible to bring up earnings to a point where there is enough profit on most voyages at least to cover depreciation, and, with good luck, with something for interest and modest dividends.

After perusing the annual report of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom

I am disposed to take a hopeful view of the position. Tramp freights lately have shown a tendency to rise, but this may be a seasonal movement only. It is not because of that that I am hopeful, but because I feel that overseas trade will tend rather to expand than decrease. An improvement in the coal position would itself materially alleviate the situation. Coal exports last year were actually less than in 1925, and were barely two-thirds of the pre-war level.

TRADE MUST EXPAND.

IT must not be inferred that the shipping industry is on the way to its former prosperity. World trade will have to expand to 30 per cent. on pre-war figures without any increase in tonnage before shipping can be as well off as in 1913.

These observations apply in the main to freight-carrying. The passenger lines have been able to put up rates to a level more commensurate with post-war conditions. And some accordingly have been able to earn satisfactory profits. For instance the P. and O. for the last financial year paid a dividend of 12 per cent. (tax free), the Cunard 7½ per cent., and the Royal Mail 5 per cent. Furness Withy, by reason of its many diverse interests outside of shipping, paid 10 per cent., its associated line, the Houlder, declaring the same rate. Among smaller companies, Cairn Lines paid 5 per cent., and Tatem 15 per cent.

The foregoing are exceptional cases. There are numerous instances where no dividends have been possible. To name one, Lamport and Holt have been unable to pay their preference dividend since June, 1925. Although its business was founded 84 years ago the company is finding it a strain to meet foreign State-aided competition.

IMP'S NEXT DIVIDEND.

IT was quite expected that the chairman of Imperial Tobacco at the meeting would warn the shareholders against accepting irresponsible estimates of the next dividend. There is an assumption in certain quarters that the company will be able to maintain the present rate of dividend on the capital as increased by the bonus issue of shares.



Lord Kylsant, who is head of several shipping lines, believes that abnormal competition in industry is bound, sooner or later, to find its natural adjustment.



Sir Henry Birchenough, who is president of the British South Africa ("Chartered") Company and chairman of the Rhodesia and the Mashonaland Railways.

such a phrase, for intrinsically they are well worth their price.

Whether their present market value will be maintained is another matter. The quotation is bound to be influenced by market sentiment. And it will fluctuate.

It was suggested to me the other day that shareholders should regard the first 25s. of the price as the investment for dividends and the remainder as the market's estimate of the company's speculative possibilities. That method of calculation makes an unique combination of an investment and a speculation.

SHIPPING'S HANDICAPS.

SHIPPING is one of those industries; which, so far, has not been able to adapt itself to post-war conditions. The main obstacles in the channel of its progress are the contraction of international trade and high working costs, arising out of dearer fuel and higher wages. And under existing conditions these cannot be remedied. I have no doubt that the passage of time will wear them down to a point where they no longer will constitute a hindrance.

Meanwhile the industry must grin and bear its troubles. How many people realise that freights are only 9 per cent. above pre-

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued)

The chairman stated quite definitely that he saw no justification for that assumption.

Those remarks simply confirm my own impression. A fortnight ago I pointed out that to repeat the latest dividend of 26 per cent., free of tax, would call for an additional £1,950,000 on the enlarged capital. It simply cannot be done. To forecast a sudden leap in the company's prosperity such as would enable it to pay that extra amount would be—to use the chairman's own words—"a flight of optimism in which I am not prepared to indulge."

It does not necessarily follow that shareholders will not get the same cash return next year as this time. A dividend of 21 per cent., tax free, on the larger capital would meet that end. My anticipation is that the company may distribute 21 or 22 per cent. (tax free) in respect of the current year, which ends with October next. I still consider Imperial Tobaccos to be a sound holding; but I believe that opportunities will occur later on of buying the shares a little cheaper than at present. The bonus and current dividend have now been deducted from the price.

NON-RESIDENCE AND INCOME TAX

READERS OF BRITANNIA who are resident abroad ought to understand the extent of their liability to tax on income arising in this country. The prevalent idea that a domicile abroad is sufficient to escape the imposition of the tax is excusable since the regulations on the subject are so complicated. As a general rule, all investors resident abroad are liable to the full tax on any income arising in this country.

Interest, however, on certain Government securities, such as 5 per cent. War Loan, enjoys the special privilege of being totally exempt from income tax, if the holders are normally resident outside of the United Kingdom. In passing, I may say that in consequence these stocks are much sought after by Colonial banks and other institutions, which like to add to their investments a quota of highest-grade securities.

As I have already explained, the income tax liability is in respect only of income arising in this country. There is no liability to tax on income from sources outside of the United Kingdom. Within this category come securities such as the new Rumanian loan, City of Cologne sterling bonds, Melbourne Harbour Board Debentures, and so forth.

Although these stocks were issued in London and are dealt in on the Stock Exchange here, the funds for interest payments arise in the first instance in Rumania, Germany and Melbourne, and are remitted to London to meet the payments. Investors abroad can, therefore, claim exemption from British income tax.

FOR INVESTORS ABROAD.

HERE are a few securities, the dividends or interest coupons of which are payable without deduction of income tax for persons resident abroad:—Adelaide Electric Supply, 5½ per cent. consolidated debentures (price 103); Melbourne Electric Supply 8 per cent. £5 preference shares at 5½; Jutland Telephone 5½ per cent. sterling bonds at 102; Rio de Janeiro Trams 5 per cent. 50-year bonds at 92; International Sleeping Car 6 per cent. sterling bonds at 102; and Anglo-Canadian Pulp 6½ per cent. guaranteed bonds at 106.

Austrian six per cent. sterling loan guaranteed by Great Britain and seven other nations, also enjoys immunity from British income tax when held by investors resident outside of the United Kingdom. As already stated, under the same conditions the tax is not chargeable on the interest from War Loan, four per cent. Consolidated loan, 3½ per cent. Conversion loan or Victory bonds. These are special concessions.

BUSINESS AMALGAMATIONS.

WHEN the projected amalgamation of the Home and Colonial Stores with the Meadow Dairy becomes effective, this combine of provision and grocery stores will control something like 3,500 shops throughout the United Kingdom. I should imagine that this establishes a record, so far as Europe is concerned, for multiple shops under one control.

America still beats us. The Kroger Baking Company has 5,558 chain stores, as they call multiple shops in the United States. And I understand that the company is about to acquire, through amalgamation, another 500 stores. As here, the tendency in the United States has been decidedly in the direction of co-ordination and trustification with a view to cutting out needless overhead charges.

In 1920, there were in America 27,000 chain stores. The number reached 58,000 in 1927—the latest statistics available here—and represented one-sixth of the retail grocery trade of the United States.

The Home and Colonial Stores organisation will include the Maypole Dairy, while the Meadow Dairy controls Pearks' Stores, Broughs, Sherry's Dairy and Neales's Tea Stores. There is also a working alliance with Lipton. Some large margarine interests also are somewhere in the background, so I understand.

A GRAMOPHONE SHARE TO AVOID.

PROBABLY you noticed a few days ago flamboyant advertisements announcing the coming of a super-mass-production plant to produce millions of guinea gramophones. This was the prelude to the issue of the prospectus of the Guinea Portable Gramophone Company.

After scrutinising closely the prospectus, I could only come to the conclusion that the prudent investor—and even the foolhardy speculator—should have nothing to do with the proposition. Glowing promises and full of expectation, the prospectus was silent on many salient points. But "The Pianomaker," the journal of the music trade, asserts that the machine is the same as that called "Poly Portable" in America, the history of which is one of financial disaster. I understand that the remaining stock of the American Company's machines was sold at 6s. each to junk dealers.

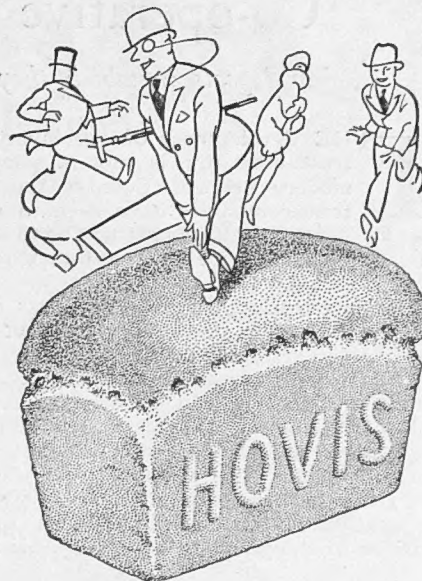
The British company hopes to sell its machines to the public at 21s. The trade price is to be 14s., so what can they cost to make?

In the trade it is said that the motor and turntable, if made in England, as suggested, would cost at least 8s. 6d.

THE "OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE."

IAM informed that the 1929 edition of *The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence*—the only work of its kind that is issued by the Stock Exchange—will be published on March 25th. The 1927 and 1928 editions (the latter of which was considerably larger than any previous issue) were exhausted soon after publication.

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FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued)

Co-operative Investment Trusts

Aspects in which they differ from ordinary companies

THE development of the investment trust company is not a phase of modern finance. Some of the older trust companies have been in existence for almost half a century and have enjoyed the confidence of investors throughout that period.

Those undertakings stand in a class apart from the new trusts mainly by reason of their maturity and resultant financial strength built up by years of prudent management. Most of them have accumulated substantial reserve funds. The stocks and shares of the established trusts, as you may imagine, stand at pretty high quotations, so it is only natural that the new generation of investors, attracted by their comparative cheapness, should turn to the securities of the younger trust companies.

A MODERN CREATION.

THE post-war development of the investment trust has brought into existence an entirely new kind of trust company. This is the type known as the "co-operative" investment trust. The original idea was to provide the small investor, I believe, with an outlet for his periodical savings; but the success of the pioneer company has induced many well-to-do people to invest part of their capital in this direction.

It would not surprise me if one inducement was the payment of dividends without the deduction of income tax. This privilege is not enjoyed by ordinary companies.

There is a distinction, but no marked difference, between the two types. Whereas the ordinary investment trust is a joint-stock enterprise formed under the Companies Acts, the co-operative investment trusts come under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts. Now, such companies are, in effect, industrial and provident societies and enjoy their privileges, inasmuch as they do not have to pay stamp duty on their capital nor income tax on their revenue. Therefore, they are able to pay their dividends without the deduction of income tax.

INDIVIDUAL HOLDINGS RESTRICTED.

THERE is another aspect in which companies like the co-operative trusts registered under the Provident Societies' Acts differ from ordinary companies, and, that is, no individual holder may have more than £200 of shares in one such company. In the case of the ordinary investment trust one person can hold almost the whole of the capital, if it can be obtained.

The rules of the Stock Exchange have not so far been extended to permit dealings in the shares of any co-operative investment trust, or for that matter in the shares of any concern registered under the Provident Societies' Acts. At one time this was looked upon as a drawback to holding the shares of such trusts, but some of the co-operative investment companies have made provision for repaying their shares when the occasion arises.

FUNCTION OF AN INVESTMENT TRUST.

INVESTMENT trust companies were originated for the purpose of investing their funds—that is, the money obtained from the public—in various securities. These companies had, and still have, facilities for making investments on terms not open to the private investor. By spreading their funds over a large number of securities—sometimes several hundreds according to the capital available—risks are thereby minimised. The private investor with £100 or £200 cannot do that; but if he invests his capital in the stock or shares of one of the established investment trusts his security is the investments held by the trust.

He, therefore, is indirectly investing in two or three hundred different securities—perhaps more. I am dealing with the old-established investment trusts formed under the Companies Acts. These trusts applied in practice the principle of co-operation investment although theoretically and legally they were not formed as "co-operative" trusts.

CO-OPERATIVE trust companies work on precisely the same principle as the large investment trusts. As I have pointed out above, they make a special appeal to the small investor, since most of them have fixed the denomination of their shares at 2s. apiece. Their business is conducted according to certain rules and it is advisable that prospective investors should obtain a copy of them. Under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts the accounts of co-operative investment trusts are audited by a public auditor appointed by the Government.

The success of any investment company, whether it be an ordinary trust governed by the Companies Acts or a co-operative trust, depends upon efficient management and the judgment of the directors in making suitable investments. To place the funds in gilt-edge investments, or entirely in securities of the highest order, would be impracticable. Part of

the funds must be placed in high-yielding securities so as to afford a revenue that will meet all expenses and pay decent dividends. With expert management this can be done with a minimum of risk. A. G. WALSH.

PROBLEMS OF BROADCASTING.

We are informed that the article on "Problems of Broadcasting," published in our issue of December 7th over the signature of Captain P. P. Eckersley, was, in effect, an abridged and somewhat garbled report of a lecture delivered by that gentleman. The manuscript was submitted to us by a reputable literary agent as an authorised article, and was, of course, published by us in good faith on the assumption that it had been passed for press by the author. We much regret any inconvenience that may have been caused to Captain Eckersley and the B.B.C. by this occurrence.—ED.

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